# JOHN BULL

Vol. V. No. 124. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1908. ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number see page 111 Cover.

No. 175101

*The world is a bundle of hay;*
*Mankind are the asses who pull;*
*Each tugs it a different way,*
*And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

**Edited by**
**HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.**

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# JOHN BULL.

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Vol. V. No. 124. Saturday, October 17th, 1908. One Penny.



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Dated this 30th day of July, 1908.
FREDERICK ARTHUR ELBOURNE.
Witness to the signing hereof by the said Frederick Arthur Elbourne, F. Fletcher Mills, Solicitor, Birmingham.
HATCHETT-JONES, BISGOOD AND MARSHALL,
48, Mark Lane, London, E.C., Plaintiffs' Solicitors.


## THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

If anything could dispose of the sentimental absurdities of little-Navy men in their discussions of international affairs, it would be the cool way in which Bulgaria and Austria have torn up the Treaty of Berlin. It is a warning to us all that, however righteous our intentions and motives may be, it is just as well to sleep with one eye open on the other fellow, so as to be ready for him when he tries to take advantage of our kind and lovable disposition. We have to understand that a treaty can be entered into merely to gain time to get out of a tight corner, or as a means of lulling suspicion, and that behind every open treaty there may be a secret one. We are willing to flourish olive branches and send out doves as long as anybody; but if we want peace, it is certain we shall prove ourselves a nation of fools if we don't keep ready for war. That is the bold and brutal truth in this the year of Our Lord 1908. So here's for an All-Power Naval standard.

### Why did Inspector Drew retire?

People who know the value of military readiness in such a crisis as that through which Europe has just passed find plenty of food for misgiving. There has been much talk about the unreadiness and insufficiency of the Territorial Army, and many morals have been drawn on that score; but no avalanches of ministerial eloquence should be allowed to cause us to forget that the pillar of England's peace and safety is the Navy. What was the condition of the Navy during the crisis? The Channel Fleet, the most important squadron afloat, had no fewer than eight out of its fourteen battleships away in dockyard hands. One of the missing units joined up during the squabble; but at no time during the period of anxiety was the fleet at more than fifty per cent. of its nominal strength. This is all the more remarkable since the Admiralty not long ago promised that on no account should more than one large ship of a fleet be absent in dockyard hands at one time. Really, the Admiralty should not make promises unless it is prepared to keep them. Luckily things blew over without resort to extremes; but the Channel Fleet is a better peace-preserver than fifty per cent. of the Channel Fleet.

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We notice that at the conclusion of the ceremony of inducting the Rev. Eric M. Farrar as Vicar of Christ Church, Mayfair, the Bishop of London explained that Mr. Farrar had come from Hoxton—than which it would be difficult to find a poorer part in London—to Mayfair—than which it would be hard to find one richer. And then his lordship put this problem, which will have occurred to most other people, "Why should there be rich and why should there be poor? Why was it that God, although He loved the child born in Hoxton as much as the child born in Mayfair, gave such an unequal lot to the children whom they were taught, He equally loved?" Having put the question in that form, we shall be delighted if his lordship will one of these days tear himself away from some less important diocesan duty, and answer it. So far as we are concerned, we give it up.

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Lord Alfred Douglas may be an ideal exponent of decency, but he is not precisely gracious when compliments are bandied. When commenting upon his lordship's absurd "moral" crusade against an obscure novel, we were impertinent enough to allude to the *Academy* as "an excellent review," and we are now told that we should be wise "to stick to matters which we are supposed to understand." Well, we thought that one of them was journalism, but our reference to the excellence of his lordship's review is characterised by him as the folly of an incompetent critic. No doubt he knows best. We apologise.

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We sometimes have to say hard things about the clergy, but if they were all like the Rev. W. Stoddart, of Boston, we should have nothing but respect for them. Referring to the persecution by the local Bench of a freethought lecturer (with which we dealt last week under the title of "Boston Bigots"), the rev. gentleman, speaking from his pulpit, said:—

> I cannot begin my discourse without first of all making some reference to what has occurred during

the week. I have arranged my subjects for this and the next three Sunday evenings as an answer to any Atheistic ideas which may have been propagated by a well-known lecturer in Boston. I have no Atheistic leanings myself. I have no sympathy with Atheism. I am a Theist, *i.e.*, a believer in God. But I believe in fair play and justice. I believe in liberty of thought and freedom of speech, and I am shocked with what appears to me to be a gross perversion of justice. Mr. Bates, even if he is an Atheist, is entitled to the protection of the law, and the right of free speech. He goes to the court claiming protection from violent assault, and a charge of obstruction is brought against him, and he is sent to prison instead of the man who assaulted him. Theological bigotry is no doubt at the bottom of it. This matter bears on its face the character of partiality and injustice, and an Atheist now stands as the champion of free speech and he will gain greater influence from his imprisonment. I could not begin my discourse without thus condemning what I regard as gross injustice. It is religious bigotry.

Ladies and gentlemen, the toast is, "The Rev. W. Stoddart."

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We recently commented upon a case before Sir Francis Cory-Wright, Bart., who presides over the deliberations of the Highgate Justices. The other day a man was charged with assaulting an auctioneer, and was proceeding to call witnesses in support of his sworn denial of the charge, when Sir Francis suggested it was a waste of time, indicating thereby that whatever the witnesses might say they would not be believed. Thereupon the defendant's solicitor meekly sat down, and his client was fined 40s. and costs. At fifty minutes after noon, it was found there was still another case to try, and Sir Francis suggested an adjournment for a week "as the work had been heavy"! Two of the parties in the case wore drivers' badges, and they will have to lose another day's pay to attend the court. "The work may not be so heavy," Sir Francis said, "next time." If the Bench should be called upon to make another "heavy" sitting of two hours and fifty minutes at a stretch, possibly a futher postponement will become necessary. Come, come, Lord Loreburn!

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It is a pity that Mr. Winston Churchill did not whisper in the ear of Mr. Walter Runciman before that gentleman charged the evening papers with garbling the English language. As the President of the Board of Trade said the other day, "any politician who speaks ill of the newspapers is committing political suicide," and we are disposed to agree with him. Newspaper editors (let us whisper) are really very touchy, and even were they not, *esprit de corps* among working journalists as a body is such that each of them instinctively picks up a stone to shy at the foolish man who says things about them which a wiser one would hardly venture to think. Especially are they touchy on the subject of their grammar. Say that they cannot or do not write English, and you hit them so hard that they never forget the blow. It is doubtful whether you would affront them half as much if you called them politicians.

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After the Prophet Baxter, the Prophet Brooke, the Rev. Hubert, of Brighton. The rev. gentleman has been stuffing the Church Congress at Manchester with catastrophic drivel about the approaching end of the world. The Prophet Baxter worked the Ten-horned Beast for all it was worth, and prophesied an early end of this dispensation according to Revelation—but renewed the lease of his publishing premises in order to carry on business as usual. The Prophet Brooke seems to be giving the Beast a rest. What he says is that the last chapter of Daniel predicts that "the time of the end shall be marked, as our times are now marked, by multiplied facilities for travel and a large increase in the acquisition of knowledge." The rev. gentleman has been dreaming or has perceived visions about. We have carefully searched the Book of Daniel, and there is not a word in the last chapter, or any other chapter, of that remarkable work about twopenny tubes, motor omnibuses, aeroplanes, Cook's excursions, reading, writing, or arithmetic. And on general grounds there does not seem to be any special reason why the world should come to an end at present. True, as the poet says, it's a very nice world to live in, to spend, or to lend, or to give in; but to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own, it's the very worst world that ever was known. Yet, take it for all in all, it is a place where one can have a very good time.

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There is a large greengrocery in King Street, Twickenham, run by a gentleman called White—Mr. David White. Beneath the scales which Mr. White used daily in his business was, up to a few days ago, a piece of lead weighing an ounce-and-a-half. Whenever a customer bought anything by weight, therefore, Mr. White robbed him to that extent. How long he has been robbing in this way, and how much he has profited, is best known to himself. Certainly he kept the lead under the scale until the other day, when he was found out, brought before the Brentford magistrates, and fined the maximum but ridiculous penalty of £5 and two guineas costs. Strictly speaking, Mr. White should now be in gaol, doing six months' hard. But somehow, the law does not exactly fit the case of such thieves as he, and he is still at large. It affords us pleasure to associate ourselves with the observation of the chairman of the bench that Mr. White richly deserves six months, that he is a perpetual thief who daily robs his neighbours, and, bearing that character, is worse than a thief who steals on impulse. We also take the liberty to add that Twickenham people who still elect to deal with Mr. White will have no assurance that the exposure of his scale trick will prevent his robbing them by other means equally subtle. If there be any case in which boycotting is justifiable, surely this would be one of them.

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We read that "young Mr. Rockefeller will now devote all the spare time he can snatch from the affairs of the Standard Oil Company to winning young men to a religious life." Excellent We understand that Sir Thomas Lipton, Sir Christopher Furness, Mr. Asquith, and other busy men on this side of the herring-pond propose to follow "young Mr. Rockefeller's" example. Of course, it all depends upon how much time they are able to snatch, for, as with the pious Rockefeller, their motto must be Business before—religion.

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Speaking of Sir Christopher Furness reminds us that the workers are not apparently in a hurry to accept the offer of his shipbuilding works. *Profit* sharing is all very well, but *Loss* bearing is a gee-gee of quite a different hue. Socialism is all very well from Monday morning till Friday night, but the British workman wants a bit on account at the end of the week—profits, or no profits. And we don't blame him.

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We have frequently called attention to the manner in which political bias tends to colour and distort the news portion of the press. One of the most instructive instances was in connection with the recent anti-Licensing Bill demonstration in Hyde Park. *The Times* (probably the least partial of the lot) put the attendance at a quarter of a million; the *Telegraph* man counted just double that number, and so did the *Daily Mirror* reporter. On the other hand, the *Daily News* could discover no more than "80,000 excursionists"—mostly drunkards—whilst the *Chronicle* gave the correct figure as 30,000. No wonder John Bull is still going ahead.

Why did Inspector Drew retire?

The lustful rogue Smyth-Pigott—whose doings at the "Abode of Love" we are now exposing—still remains a duly-licensed clergyman of the Church of England, being under the ecclesiastical authority of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. We understand that, as the result of our exposures, he has been summoned to an ecclesiastical court for the purpose of having his practices inquired into, but that he simply disregards the Bishop's command. Under these circumstances, in the present state of Church law, nothing can be done. As a Church of England minister cannot be unfrocked except after personal appearance at the Bishop's Court, and as Pigott has no "living" to be sequestrated, he is able to treat any summons with contempt. What, however, the Church authorities may not be able to do is quite within the competence of Parliament—which, after all, is the supreme authority so long as we have an Established Church.

Some cynic has remarked that many people who never worked before are working hard now to get five shillings per week on reaching their second childhood. However this may be, it is instructive to turn to the Civil Service Pension List, recently issued, and read of 4,108 pensioners costing this country nearly three-quarters of a million per annum. This averages out to about £160 per year each, whereas pensioners under the Government scheme get £13. Here are a few of the items from the list:—Sir T. G. Fardell, M.P. for South Paddington, used to be a Registrar in the Bankruptcy Court at £1,000 per annum salary. At thirty-eight years of age his office was abolished; and he was pensioned off at £666 per annum, which he has enjoyed since 1872. W. Ambrose, Esq., K.C., was made a Master in Lunacy in 1899 at sixty-seven years of age. He wearily struggled on for eight long years, and then retired on a pension of £600 a year, after receiving £2,000 a year during his tenure of office. After eleven years' labour in the Home Office, Sir K. E. Digby was pensioned off in 1903 at £700 per annum, after starving on £2,000 salary. Sir E. L. Pemberton started "work" in the Home Office at the tender age of sixty-two, and retired at seventy on a paltry allowance of £375 annually. Sir R. Cross, who was Home Secretary for seven years at a salary of £5,000 was pensioned off with £2,000 a year in 1887. How he strives to make both ends meet is a mystery. So we might continue with stirring records of men who have fought against terrific odds in the Government offices of Old England, and then been dismissed with pensions which just enable them to keep the wolf from the door. Yet we must be fair. The Government of our tight little island can practise rigid economy at times, and for any carping critics who dare accuse them of squandering the public moneys we can find striking examples of thrift. For example, four widows of Trinity House men are living like "fighting cocks" on £2 8s. per annum each, and the widow of a man killed whilst on duty gets £15 annually. Turning to the pensions in connection with the Mint, we find that two apprentices were pensioned in 1851 at £150 per annum each at the advanced ages of nineteen and twenty-two respectively. To date these hoary patriarchs have cost their country over £17,000. We commend these facts to the reflection of the grey-headed old Britishers now fighting for their pensions.

However the hunger problem is to be solved, we fear that Mr. Stewart Gray, the leader of those out-of-works who march in permanent procession, is not going to solve it. The rule that meetings in Trafalgar Square shall be held between sunrise and sunset is not an unreasonable one, having regard to the maintenance of good order and public safety; and for demonstrating during prohibited hours Mr. Gray and some of his friends have been leniently dealt with. Everybody with a heart to feel and a head to think must be brought to bitter reflection at the knowledge that in this, the richest, greatest, and most glorious country on earth (according to all the most exquisite perorations), there should be so many willing men unable to "work while it is called to-day." But we do not believe, never have believed, and never shall believe that willing and able hands go about processioning month after month and year after year. The habitual processionist may be a factor in the problem of poverty, but he is not necessarily a factor in the problem of work. For the workless is not always the worker. Sometimes he is the man who does not want to work if he can find anything easier.

Mr. Gray talks about getting the unemployed band to the unemployed land. If he means *his* unemployed band, what in the world is the use of land to a man who knows as little of cultivable crops as he knows of the back of the moon? Is land of any use to the bricklayer starving because he cannot find employment for his trowel, or for the carpenter spent to his last copper because the country of his birth has no call for his plane? Even if he were competent to grow profitable cabbages—and heaven knows there are more available cabbages in England than men can eat—is he to take sustenance from the four winds while he waits and watches for them to rise from the brown earth? "I know where we can begin on 2,000 acres of land within comfortable distance of London," says Mr. Gray. Evidently we are to have the silly old farce of landgrabbing and landsquatting all over again, with a grinning populace as spectators. What the thousands of genuine unemployed will do this winter is a heart-breaking question. But one thing they will not do. They will not go landgrabbing with Mr. Stewart Gray.

We do not know the name of the gentleman who is busying himself with the flotation of an Optimist's Club in London, but he is a long-felt want. The number of people who walk to and fro in the earth believing that this is the worst of all possible worlds and that man is the worst of all possible animals in it, is probably legion. The Committee of the club will engage the rosiest, smilingest, most contented-looking man they can find as hall porter—at least, they say they will—and his business will be to wear a smile that won't come off. It is, perhaps, necessary to warn them, however, that a hall porter who never puts his face on straight is not necessarily an optimist. There are daggers in men's smiles, often enough; and if the Committee engage a man with a grin glued on like the photographic expression of a picture-postcard actress advertising a set of somebody's renowned guinea sets of teeth, members may as well keep both their eyes on that man for fear he should get both his hands into their pockets. Some people are able to smile at everybody's funeral except their own; but the kind of human creature most wanted in this universe is the one who smiles at his own funeral and weeps at other people's. When found, take off your hat to him; he is rare.

Some of the supporters of the Licensing Bill seem to have entirely lost their mental equilibrium since the recent Hyde Park demonstration and the Government defeat at Newcastle. They are not taking their beating like men. They surely ought to know that by heaping abuse and insult on one of the greatest, most orderly, and earnest crowds that ever assembled in Hyde Park, they are alienating all self-respecting people from their cause. Lord Crewe, for instance, describes the demonstrators as "processions of imported inebriates," while the *Daily News* says that the "wretched crowds who poured out of the trains and formed up in dismal

lines behind the banners" were the "rakings of gin-shops;" and that "with puffy, mottled cheeks they crawled through the park," and that "never in London's history has she witnessed a collection of English people so disgraceful to our civilization." Now this is not playing the game. Vulgar abuse, based upon reckless generalisation, is not argument. It may gratify the prejudice of the partisan, but it estranges the sympathy of the honest enquirer.

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And matters are not improved when these extremists condescend to come down from generalities to details. For instance, the *Daily News* unconsciously located one of its extravagancies, and it was promptly nailed to the counter. It happened in this wise. Our revered contemporary stated that a Kilburn brewer was paying a number of unemployed men four shillings, and was providing each of them with a white smock and scarlet cap, to walk in the procession. Unfortunately for the *Daily News*, there is only one brewery in Kilburn and the district, and that belongs to Messrs. Michell and Aldous, who were consequently bombarded by unemployed men. The brewers immediately wrote to the Editor demanding the retraction of the statement; and with considerable reluctance the Nonconformist organ had to admit that the report was unfounded. Just one more word. The *Daily News* is frequently publishing reports of resolutions passed by the Executive of the "Tied Tenants' Defence League." We are, however, never told where the meetings are held, or who comprise the "League." We are, at present, of opinion that the league is a bogus one, and that its meetings assemble and dissolve in the imagination of the *Daily News* reporter.

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Mr. D. S. Windell has lost no time in getting rid of the bank-notes which, in the solemn words of the stately *Star*, he koepenicked from the London and South-Western Bank. Already one of them has come home, received by a gentleman who wished the National Bank to exchange it for cash. But a smart young clerk regarded the number intently, asked the stranger to be good enough to wait a moment, and, after consultation with the manager, summoned a policeman. But it was no catch after all. The stranger explained that he had obtained the note with some other money from a post-office in the ordinary way of business; and it was so, for there was the office stamp on the back. What is curious about the matter is that the post-office should have received and passed on the note when the number was known. If the officials did not know it was one of the missing notes, why didn't they? Does Scotland Yard neglect to inform the Postmaster-General of these little matters; or what's what and why's why? Scotland Yard had better be careful, or it will be paying a first-class policeman three weeks' salary with another of those fivers.

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Though this is a free country, barring that you have to pay for what you get, it is apparently not as free as it might be. For instance, P.C. Jeffries, of the City Police, summoned one Bill Marriott a few days ago to appear in the City Summons Court. The policeman gave evidence that "he saw defendant outside Goldsmiths' Hall, standing still." "Is that all he was doing?" asked the Clerk. "Yes, sir," responded the policeman. "If I went and stood there, would you summon me?" "Yes, sir," answered the policeman, "if I had already cautioned you." "If I were doing nothing?" "Yes, sir," said the policeman. Obviously this settled the fate of Bill at once, and Sir John Pound sentenced him to three days' imprisonment in default of paying a fine of one shilling and costs. That a free-born Englishman should be sent down for three days because he is unable to pay a mulct for standing still and doing nothing is one of those peculiarities of British law which reduces it to the intellectual level of the ass. The next tragic thing which will happen is that Mr. Stewart Gray's army of unemployed will get a month's work for smoking borrowed baccy in insanitary cuddies while propping up street lamp-posts, or for being silent while standing in the light of day in order to see how far their shadows project into the middle of the week. What a funny world we live in, to be sure.

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Cousin Jonathan seems greatly interested in the final destination of the three *Dreadnoughts* now being built in this country "for the Brazilian Government." His sinister suggestion is that if the vessels are really intended for Brazil it would be cheaper in the end if all the South American Republics pooled the cost and quietly sank them in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Our beloved relative need not speak in this threatening tone of voice. Information received at this office is that a nation which has so many nuts does not need so many *Dreadnoughts*. In due time, John Bull will probably make an acceptable offer for the same, but as this is a State secret, we mention it, trusting that it will go no farther. When those *Dreadnoughts* leave this realm they will not go to Brazil any more than they will go to Jerusalem, Timbuctoo, or Jericho. It may, however, chance that at some near or distant day they will pay uncomplimentary visits to other places if called upon by His Majesty's Lords of the Admiralty so to do. Meanwhile, mum's the word.

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Of all those whose position in the vital statistics of the country entitle them to an old-age pension, not the least worthy, and certainly not the least remarkable, is old Bob Jay, of Aldeburgh, in Norfolk. Bob had a cradle as far back as 1810, commenced his active career as field labourer at threepence a day, committed matrimony at 22, on nine shillings a week, and subsequently achieved rises in the world until he reached his maximum earthly reward of fourteen shillings a week, since when he has had no other. Nevertheless, Bob has provided for his country a family of fourteen sons and daughters, fifty-four grandchildren, and thirty-five great-grandchildren. He also sings ballads of old time, smokes a pipe of tobacco after every meal, and drinks half a pint of beer every afternoon; wherefore anybody who says he does not deserve an old-age pension is no friend of ours. May he live long enough to draw it often.

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Finding it somewhat difficult to make his way about London, Professor Turner, of the University Observatory at Oxford, suggests that the square head of each lamp post should be correctly oriented N.E.S.W., that these letters should be marked on the glass, and that the post should furthermore be numbered; as, for instance, 832, signifying that said lamp is eight miles, three-tenths, and two-hundredths west of Greenwich. This scheme would probably serve well enough for a senior wrangler who had got lost, or for an astronomer too dumb to ask a policeman; but if Professor Turner imagines that the man in the street is going to cogitate at a lamp-post something west-by-north of Greenwich as to where he is likely to run against the lamp-post which will tell him the correct latitude and longitude of Aldgate Pump or Seven Dials, he is out of his reckoning by miles. Off-hand it would be difficult to say how many London policemen there are to one lamp-post, but when one is found, and having asked him the way and followed your nose, you will assuredly arrive at the place where you wish to be hours in front of the Professor who starts making mathematical calculations with his back against a lamp-post.

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A proposal is mooted for combining Whitehall and Parliament Street under one name, and it is certainly

silly that a street should change its title as it goes along. Look at Old and New Bond Streets, Waterloo Place and Regent Street, Bishopsgate Street Within and Without.

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It looks as if the awful alien had been at it again, this time in Barnsbury, where a pianoforte maker, sued for possession of premises and rent, exclaimed to the Judge, "This is so-called Free Trade! I have for nineteen years been able to pay 20s. in the pound until the foreigner stepped in and crippled us." The truth is, of course, that the foreigner has stepped into the British pianoforte trade because he can and does make a better-toned instrument, as almost any player will admit, be his prejudices against the foreigner what they may. There are two pianoforte manufacturers in England, or used to be; the others are not heard of in musical circles. The poor alien may be responsible for much, but give the devil his due. Not merely in the pianoforte trade, but in other trades as well, the British manufacturer thinks it should be sufficient recommendation to actual and prospective purchasers that his goods are made in Britain. But even a British tariff reformer like Mr. Balfour would rather play Beethoven on a good German piano at a moderate price than on a bad British one at any price.

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At the close of his harvest festival sermon on a recent Sunday evening, the Rev. E. E. Marshall, Vicar of St. Catherine's, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, said he had got something on his mind, and at once proceeded to get it off. He had learned that St. Catherine's Institute had been let for dances and parties; to be precise, for dancing and a game called whist, wherefore the iron was in his soul. The institute was not built for dances, for gambling, and for drink, he said, and he knew they had gone on there. "God helping me," he thundered, "these things shall stop, or I shall not stop." We mark the pious fervour of the rev. gentleman, but is not it somewhat excessive? Naturally, if there are dances there will be light—very light—refreshment, and if there is whist there will doubtless be prizes for experts; or, it may even be, nuts. In most institutes of the sort, this is the worst that happens. We do not know whether those who hire this institute for parties add to the vices of dancing and whist the iniquity of smoking, but perhaps the Vicar will enlighten us.

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Thanks to the appreciation of an enlightened public, John Bull continues to bound ahead. When, a fortnight ago, we issued the prospectus of our company, we had a circulation of just under 200,000 copies, against an average for the month of September of 165,000. But the first week of October saw the number jump to nearly a quarter of a million, whilst last week we had to print no less than 320,000 copies. We drink to all our readers—God bless 'em.

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## WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

**Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for 50 Helpers at One Guinea each.**

For full particulars of the meaning of the number on page i. of our cover, **see page iii. of cover.**

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## OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

For full particulars of this scheme, **see page iii. of cover.**

## "John Bull's" Biscuits.

*For advertising "Several Second-hand Ladies from £1,"*
MR. REEVE, OF MILL ROAD, CAMBRIDGE,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For inscribing on their packets "don't try to cook this food," and then enclosing a booklet describing various ways in which it might be cooked,*
THE PROPRIETORS OF GRAPE NUTS
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising that "a distinguished young lady wishes to sell her auburn-brown tail,"*
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE LADY*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that a man "was fully dressed but had his coat off,"*
A WITNESS AT FULHAM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising under "Horses, Live Stock, etc.," "A Donkey Boiler,"*
*THE EVENING EXPRESS AND EVENING MAIL,*
CARDIFF,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising "sight-seeing automobiles, visiting the interior of many such wonderful places as the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, noted Churches, etc.,"*
THE ORGANISERS OF "SEEING LONDON"
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For representing the Albert Memorial as "picturesque scenery on the L.B. and S.C. Railway,"*
THE AUTHORITIES AT VICTORIA STATION
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For announcing that "owing to pressure on our space the P. and O. clerical staff outing has been held over,"*
*THE EAST HAM ECHO*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that "neither side scored and the match was drawn at 1 goal each,"*
*THE PEOPLE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that a Mrs. Thomas, born March 25th, 1818, "remembers Waterloo,"*
*LLOYD'S NEWSPAPER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For stating that a man, seeing a dark form on the sands, "never imagined that it could be that of a human being, but it occurred to him that it might be a woman in a faint,"*
*THE HULL DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising the fat boy of Peckham as "Truly a Living Wonder. Open all day,"*
THE PROPRIETORS OF STEWART'S WAXWORKS,
EDINBURGH,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For alluding to a man, aged 41, who was knocked down by a trap, and saying that "the wheels passed over both the child's legs,"*
THE *BOWES PARK WEEKLY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For desiring twelve new town councillors "who will use the town's money as they would their own,"*
A CORRESPONDENT OF THE *DUNDEE COURIER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For announcing "Marsham hits 20 fours against Leicester," and then giving his score:*
*"C. H. B. Marsham, b. Shipman.....70,"*
*THE DAILY RECORD AND MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "ABODE OF (FREE) LOVE."

## III.—PIGOTT AND THE DOCTRINE OF "FREE-LOVE."

### A Mormon Imitation.

Pigott has been frequently accused of practising polygamy. This is decidedly untrue, and does the cunning rascal an injustice. He certainly would not consent to be bound to any number of "wives," even though the number should approach the three score and ten of those he so slavishly copies—viz., Brother Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young, of Mormon fame.

### Brother Prince's Legacy.

Brother Prince, the forerunner of Pigott, never preached or practised the doctrine of "free-love." It is true that at his death he left three legacies in the shape of a trio of illegitimate children, but he ever described them as "spiritual gifts"—gifts from whom we are not told. In his writings, Prince distinctly says that "it is lawful for a man to have one wife only, but if he be so filled with the spirit of God as to be lifted above the world (even as I am), it is lawful for him to do certain things which the world, which lieth in wickedness, understandeth not." Upon this piece of mingled wickedness and blasphemy Smyth-Pigott has built up his own special doctrine of what he terms "free" or "spiritual" love, which, according to him, gives those who partake of it licence to set aside the laws of God, and trample under foot the accepted morality of Christianity. Their morals are those of the poultry-yard.

### The Introduction of Free Love.

It was at Clapton some six years ago, immediately after Pigott's announcement that he was the "Messiah," that he first began to practise as well as to preach his doctrine that "all those who received the spirit of God were lifted above the ordinary accepted code of morality of to-day." He gave point to this by taking unto himself an infatuated young girl, Miss Ruth Preece, whose history is almost as short as it is sordid. The daughter of hard-working and respectable parents, living at that time in Warwickshire, she became a lady's maid, and in that capacity travelled very widely with her mistress. The effect of this appears to have been that she conceived an intense dislike for the contracted home circle in which she had been reared. She aspired to higher things. In an evil hour her mistress settled at Clapton, and Ruth became an attendant at the "Ark of the Covenant," where Smyth-Pigott was then busily engaged each Sabbath day in scattering the hemlock seeds which were in her case to bear such an evil and bitter crop.

### Placid Mrs. Pigott.

She was present on that memorable Sunday when Smyth-Pigott announced that he was "The Sent of God." She witnessed the mob, lying in wait for the newly-acclaimed "Messiah," as he left the church, and was one of the "faithful" who formed a bodyguard round their devoted leader as he made a hurried and undignified progress from the church to the house where he resided. But Ruth was reserved for higher things. Pigott, having greatly dared and found it eminently successful, determined to take another step downwards on that dark road along which he had already travelled so far. "Free-love" was now to be proclaimed amongst the "faithful." The ex-curate never did anything by halves. With him, to think was to act. He calmly announced to the select few who hailed him as the "Sent One"—in other words, swallowed down anything that he might tell them—it was revealed unto him that he was to augment his domestic circle by taking unto himself another "wife," not of a common or garden variety, but one who was to be his "spiritual bride," sharing with him in the high destiny to which he was born, and presumably occupying a front seat in paradise in the days to come. History does not say what the real Mrs. Pigott said, nor has the "Messiah" ever given forth a "revelation" on the subject, but it is safe to assume that there were a few stormy scenes at "Lebanon Villa," where he then resided, before that beautiful state of complacency was reached which enabled her to say with upturned eyes, "I am no more his wife—we are all spiritual brides."

### The Great Trek.

But North London is not a congenial atmosphere for the growth of the delicate plant of "free-love." It requires seclusion, a place where brickbats are unknown, and dead cats never seen, for it was well-nigh killed by the storm of ridicule and opposition which burst upon it when it became known that a so-called minister of religion was imitating the example of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with an elastic domestic circle, capable of both contraction and expansion—generally the latter. Then came the hurried flight to Spaxton, and once again, after an interval of waiting, the Master had come into his own.

### Morals of the Poultry Yard.

At the present moment there are nearly one hundred females, inmates of the Agapemone. Keeping them company, as has already been stated in a former article, are five men—viz., Smyth-Pigott, Douglas Hamilton, Reed, Morris and a young man who acts as tutor to the sons of the aforesaid Reed. Truly their cry might be, "What are we among so many?" To understand aright the true meaning of the term "free-love," it is well to remember that in the "Abode" "sexual intercourse is the highest form of spiritual worship!" and that "there is no such thing as marriage. Once in the 'Abode,' we are above the laws of man; we may do as we please; we follow our own desires; my wife is no more my wife than she is that of 'John the Baptist,' or any other of my brothers."

### No Room for the Profane.

But the cunning rascal proceeds to make it clear that to participate in these fleshly joys it is necessary to reside in the "Abode of Love," and—this follows as a matter of course—hand over the cash. For later in the same sermon he tells us, "But I do not say that this doctrine should be preached unto the world, for verily the 'profane' are not ripe to receive it. But we, who are in the spirit, may do exactly as our minds dictate to us, for being in the spirit how can we do that which is wrong?" And these things are transpiring amid the quiet beauty of Somersetshire.

### "Catch-as-catch-can."

Every female who enters the "Abode," whether maid or wife, immediately loses her identity and receives a new name, given her by the "Messiah." Thus Ruth Preece is known as "Beautiful;" another is termed "Joyful;" yet again one finds a young person answering to the somewhat curious name of "Fountain of Love;" and so forth. Being thus stripped of all that which "bound them to the world," as Pigott unctuously expresses it, they are all placed on one dead level. In the Agapemone jargon, they are all "brothers and sisters, rejoicing in the spirit," and still more conveniently unable to do that which is wrong according to the contracted moral code of outside life. The rest is easy. If Brother Pigott desires sister this, that, or the other, he merely says so. If "John the Baptist," casting lascivious eyes on one of his fair sisters, fancies her for a spiritual bride—strictly *pro tem.*—why, he makes no bones about it, but merely takes her. Is it necessary to labour the point? One example will serve for all. "Take whom you will, and be happy," says Pigott, and there you have the doctrine of "free-love" in a nutshell.

### Pigott the Hypnotist.

The point here arises, how far do these unhappy women tamely submit to these outrages upon their most sacred feelings? The answer to this is that the majority of them are so under the hypnotic spell of Pigott that at first they are able to crush down every womanly feeling, and trample under foot all that which makes their sex best and holiest, and give themselves unreservedly into the power of these evil men. It must not be forgotten that the rejected of Clapton is no ordinary man. He possesses to a remarkable degree the faculty of arousing in the opposite sex those emotions which pass for, and at the same time degrade, the name of love. It is beyond question that by his cunning mixture of ecclesiastical love-making with which he plies his victims prior to their entering the "Abode," he is able to reduce them to that passive state of submissiveness, under the influence of which they will do anything.

### Pity the Poor Victim.

But who can paint the anguish which many of them experience when the fumes of his devilish arts have passed away from their understanding, and they see themselves as they really are, and as they are viewed by the world—poor, abandoned, shameless women, living in open sin, the sport and the toy of those who find in them the objects of their base desires? Consider for a moment their situation. Without a penny (for "John the Baptist" holds the key of the exchequer, and doles out to them money for the few things they actually require); out of touch with their relatives and friends, whom in most cases they have mortally offended by going to Spaxton; broken in spirit, and reduced to mere automatic machines—whither can they go?

*(To be continued.)*

# THE BALKAN AVALANCHE.

By Herbert Vivian.

It is the fashion to sneer at the balance of power and the equilibrium of Europe, but recent events have demonstrated the strange delicacy of the relations between various countries. Just as a little extra sunshine dislodges a lump of snow with the result that whole villages are annihilated, so does a slight alteration in the status of an empire threaten widespread disaster.

It is very wonderful to observe how people, who, in private life, would have high standards of honour, invariably behave like abominable rascals when they dabble in high politics. For generations all the statesmen of the world have professed to labour incessantly for the regeneration of Turkey. As a matter of fact, their idea of regeneration consisted in schemes of dismemberment and a desire for the lion's share. When Turkey cut the knot for herself, all the best laid plans of aggrandisement went suddenly agley. Then two very simple steps were taken: Austria, who, for all practical purposes, had been in possession of Bosnia and Herzegovina for the last thirty years, formally annexed those provinces; Bulgaria, who, during the same period, had enjoyed all the benefits of independence, threw off a nominal suzerainty. Nothing was really altered except in name. Indeed, Austria and Bulgaria stood to lose something. The Austrian provinces will now have to receive some kind of constitution; Bulgaria will forgo certain commercial advantages which were hers as a vassal.

Meanwhile, however, all Europe is aghast. Treaties have been violated, and on all hands we behold a fine frenzy of righteous indignation. Those Governments which perforce have remained quiet all this time, now take the insufferable tone of the brother of the prodigal son. They remind us that they never asked anyone for a kid to make merry with their friends. They decline to be left out in the cold, and propose to help themselves.

Servia, who for the last five years has conspicuously failed to govern herself, now considers it monstrous that she should not be permitted to extend her rule beyond the Drina. Hot-heads in Belgrade are actually proposing, nay, insisting upon war with Austria. Considering that the Servian Army has been starved while regicides were enriching themselves, it would be presumptuous to suggest that its ragged regiments could hold their own even against the Republic of San Marino. But thousands of people, who have hitherto been regarded as sane, are clamouring that these helpless midges should be hurled against the mighty empire of the Hapsburgs.

Of course there is a precedent which might at first sight be held to justify such folly. About a hundred years ago the Servians, under Milosh Obrenovitch, rose against Turkey and contrived to secure emancipation. But the conditions of modern warfare have changed considerably, and it is difficult to believe that a war with Austria could last much more than twenty minutes. There would now be no need of "an Austrian army, awfully arrayed, boldly by battery besieging Belgrade." The fortifications of Kalemegdan are now only fit for inclusion in a museum, and a few gun-boats would soon reduce Peter Karageorgevitch and his friends to submission.

Even under the influence of much plum-brandy, the red king is not likely to cherish any other illusions. In one of his frequent panics he may yield to popular clamour and consent to authorise a forlorn hope. As some proverb expresses it, the naked man leaps furthest. In other words, those who have least to lose are often the most desperate. All the old dreams of a Servian empire have faded away, and the only question at present is whether modern regicide Servia can be permitted to retain her independence. But this desperate state of things does not justify desperate measures. Austria would be only too glad of a pretext to round off her Empire by the annexation of Servia, and it is difficult to think of anyone who would raise a hand in defence of the pariah kingdom. No doubt there would be protests against any further enlargement of the Austrian borders, but the susceptibilities of rivals could always be met by generous offers of compensation at the expense of somebody else.

No, what Peter Karageorgevitch would like to do, what he will do if he is able to resist street-clamour, is to continue his traditional policy as a privy conspirator. All his life he has been conspiring. As a young man he was found guilty of connivance at the murder of Prince Michael. For years he devoted himself to the inspiration of plots against Milan and Alexander. At last, almost by an accident, one of his schemes succeeded and he secured a throne. But this did not eradicate a vice which had become a habit. With greater facilities he merely enlarged the scope of his machinations. With the State arsenal of Kragujevats at his disposal, it was far easier to manufacture bombs than under the eyes of the Swiss police. With plenty of regicide officers as his boon companions, it became much simpler to find *âmes damnées* for his sinister purposes than when, as a hungry discredited exile, he could only pay for murder with post-obits.

The first proofs of his continued conspiracies were the endeavour to blow up the whole Montenegrin Royal Family, as was revealed by witnesses during the recent State trial at Cetinje. Already persons of high position in Servia have advocated the use of bombs against Austria, and this would evidently be a policy after Peter's own heart, requiring less courage than a hopeless war, and being always more easy to disavow. Already, through the enterprise of the Slovanski Jug Society, elaborate plans have been prepared for a thorough campaign with infernal machines in Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia and other Slav districts of the Austrian Empire. We must expect an extension of these methods, and the Emperor Francis Joseph will do well to strengthen his secret police before Peter gets a chance of blowing him up.

While it would be idiotic for Servia to make war upon Austria, there is no reason why Montenegro should not try a little diversion of this kind. A few forays into the neighbouring provinces, where ties of kinship would ensure a welcome for bands from the Black Mountain, would remind the Powers that the Principality has gained nothing by long years of patience. It is by this time obvious that the only way for a country to obtain what it wants is to make itself a nuisance. Everybody is reading solemn lessons to Bulgaria about the enormity of her presumption in proclaiming herself a kingdom. But everybody knows that, when the reproaches are exhausted, she will be allowed to have her way. On the other hand, countries which wait solemnly and submissively for what they would like to receive are usually left out in the cold. I should like to see Prince Nicholas proclaim himself Czar of Montenegro, Protector of all Servian peoples beyond his borders. I should welcome his seizure of Cattaro and his occupation of the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. If the worst came to the worst, his soldiers could always retire to their impregnable strongholds and wait for the recurrence of a tempting opportunity. Meanwhile they would have asserted a claim, which the next congress would be bound to take into consideration. The Prince of Montenegro has already taken one wise step in denouncing the Treaty of Berlin so far as it affects his relations with Austria. This will give him the opportunity of constructing a railway through his dominions from Antivari to the junction of the European system, a vital interest for the development of his country, hitherto obstructed by the diplomacy of the Powers.

It now only remains to consider what will be the outcome of all the present turmoil. I do not think that Sir Edward Grey has displayed quite so much firmness as is generally attributed to him. It is true that he has denounced the action of Austria and Bulgaria with considerable force, but he has shown no sign of meditating any action for the restoration of the *status quo*. Some writers have argued that there is no reason why he should do so; that Austria has exercised a "civilising influence" in the occupied provinces; and that no one has a grievance except Servia, who does not count. But the "civilising influences" of Austria are all on the outside of the cup and the platter. Education has been neglected, commerce has been discouraged, liberty is unknown, the only advance which the unfortunate people of Bosnia and Herzegovina have witnessed has been an advance in taxation.

Austria should be discouraged because she has deliberately violated a solemn treaty. She has committed an act which must be seriously detrimental to the interests of the admirable people of Montenegro. She has chosen the present juncture for her crime because she desired to check the legitimate aspirations of Turkey towards liberty and progress. But Sir Edward Grey will do nothing. His Majesty's Government will tamely acquiesce in an act which cannot fail to place a premium on illegality and violence.

## SHOULD WE BEAT GERMANY?—II.

By One Who Has Served Under Both Flags.

### The Lack of Harbours.

Having considered the causes which led up to the two wars, let us now turn to the conduct of operations. In the first place, it must be remembered that the distance from the Mother Country is very nearly identical, Swakopmund, which Germany made her chief point of disembarkation for both troops and supplies, being almost exactly a thousand miles north of Capetown, so that in this respect there is little to compare. The difference, however, between the number of troops conducting operations was enormous. Germany had at no time more than 23,000 men to support in the field, while it is safe to assert that England had ten times that number for months together. On the other hand, England had one enormous advantage in the Boer War, in that she was fighting in a country where harbours were already built and where there were several lines of railway which had been in operation for years, whereas Germany had to construct her own harbours and build her own railways as she went along. Probably the want of a good harbour was the chief of these disadvantages, Swakopmund being merely an open roadstead, where it is often impossible to land either passengers or cargo for days at a time, owing to the heavy surf, while Angra Pequena, or Luderitzbucht, as the Germans prefer to call it, is surrounded on the landward side by miles upon miles of sandhills, which the slightest breeze is sufficient to shift, rendering anything in the nature of a permanent road an absolute impossibility. When we add to these disadvantages that at Luderitzbucht there is not a drop of fresh water to be found, and only a very meagre supply at Swakopmund, it will be seen that England had a very distinct advantage as far as ports of disembarkation are concerned. Indeed, at Luderitzbucht it was found necessary to send a cargo of water twice a week by specially chartered steamships from Capetown.

### The British v. German Soldier.

However, having got troops and supplies safely landed and through the initial difficulties, there were at first sight three great points of difference which struck me most forcibly:—

1. That the German soldier, and I am afraid I must say, in the majority of instances, the German officer also, did not seem to be in the very smallest degree imbued with that spirit of patriotism which was so much in evidence amongst our troops during the Boer war.

2. How very much better, both as to quantity and quality, the German troops were victualled than were the British.

3. How much better as to quantity, and, in some instances, quality, the Germans were clothed.

To take the points in the order named. It seemed to me that whether in camp, on the march, or actually in action, both officers and men alike in the German forces, with, I must admit, a few very bright exceptions, were animated far more by a desire to have as good a time as they individually could, than by a desire to do the work which was given them to do to the very best of their ability, just because it was their country's work. Certainly there was a total absence of any of that spirit which animates the old line so familiar to every British schoolboy, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" Indeed, on many occasions which came under my own personal observation, "*mori*" was the very last thing that they intended should happen.

### German Apathy.

I do not wish to multiply instances, but must really give two, which I think will illustrate what I mean. On one occasion, I was guiding a column of perhaps 400 men, under the command of quite the most efficient officer I met, up the banks of the Orange River, that is to say, travelling eastwards. We knew that another column of about the same strength was advancing towards us down the river, the idea being to crush the Hottentots between the two. Marengo and the larger part of his force were opposing the other column, having left some thirty or forty men to oppose our advance at a particularly nasty spot. We arrived at this place about 2.30 a.m. on a bright moonlight morning and the enemy at once opened fire on our advance party of ten men, killing two. Our guns were at once run up into position and at daybreak commenced a furious cannonade on the enemy's position, a high ridge of rocky hills running right into the river. About 11 a.m., after some six hours of searching the hill with the artillery, a company of 120 men were detailed to assault the hill on the extreme left of the enemy's position, that is to say at the water's edge. They advanced to within perhaps 300 yards of the hill and commenced to open fire. Having kept up a really hot rifle fire at the face of the hill, for there was nothing else to be seen to fire at, and having drawn during the course of half-an-hour or more some ten or a dozen answering shots from the enemy, the officer in command of the company retired his men, and calmly reported to the officer commanding the column that "he was unable to assault the hill as it was held by the enemy." It sounds almost incredible, but the report was actually made in my presence. What, I wonder, would have been his fate who had ventured to make such a report to his commanding officer during the Boer war.

### Inviting Attack.

The incident in question was allowed to pass quite as a matter of course, although we all knew full well that at a most liberal estimate there could not have been more than ten men opposed to him on that particular hill. Again, only three days afterwards, having effected our junction with the other column, but having failed to crush Marengo between us, we were retiring to our base at Ramansdrift. I was attached to the rear company on the retirement, and we bivouacked for the night at the foot of a very nasty pass, where it was only possible to advance in single file, up the face of an almost precipitous cliff. The officer commanding the company asked me to find out if it was not possible to get round this cliff along the water's edge. Accordingly I waited until the moon rose about midnight, and then thought it would be as well to inform the sergeant of the guard that I was leaving the bivouac and would be away for about an hour. To my amazement there was no guard. The only person in the place who was awake was a native, and he was inside a ring of horses. I do not hesitate to say that such carelessness could not have taken place in the British Army during the Boer war. Here were we, about 130 men all told, in the heart of the enemy's country, calmly sleeping in a spot where we might have been surrounded and shot down man by man, by twenty determined men, and yet it had not been deemed necessary to post a single sentry, nor when I mentioned the matter in the morning did anyone seem in the least surprised. Needless to say, there was no more sleep for me that night.

### No Esprit de Corps.

Perhaps, one reason for this total, seemingly, neglect of doing one's duty for the duty's sake, might be found in the fact that from the very composition of the German field force there could be no shadow of *esprit de corps*, since the men were, owing to the conscription law, all volunteers, and were drawn from every unit of the German Army, drafted into companies in a haphazard sort of way, and sent out. No attempt seemed to have been made to draft men of the same regiment into the same company. Then, again, that fraternizing spirit between officers and their men, which did so much to weld the British Army in South Africa into one harmonious whole, which, more than anything else taught the British officer what a good chap "Tommy" was, and how thoroughly dependable in a crisis, and taught "Tommy" that his officers did depend on him, and that he could in like measure depend on them to the death if need be, is totally absent in the German Army. The gulf between officer and man seems to be quite unbridgeable, and I am very much afraid it is the fault to a very large extent of the officers themselves, but to a still larger extent of the system, which almost demands that officers of the German Army should be born in the purple of the nobility, regardless of the fact that for practical purposes such as those for which we must assume that an Army exists, birth is as nothing in comparison with worth.

*(To be continued.)*

## "A HIDEOUS HUMAN DOCUMENT."

We have received a letter from Mrs. McLagan, in which, replying to the paragraph in our last issue, she desires it to be known that there was no "close friendship" between the sometime lodger and herself, as alleged. On the contrary, she always disliked the man, and held aloof from him. We readily give publicity to this further explanation.

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Watney's Brewery.
Worthington and Co.
James Buchanan and Co.
Yost Typewriting Co.
North British Insurance Co.
Lloyds Bank.
Bank of Scotland.
London and Provincial Bank.

London and County Bank.
Institute of Bankers.
Institute of Actuaries.
Houlder Bros.
Forwood Bros.
J. and J. Colman.
Bovril Limited.
Mellins Food Limited.
Hamburg Steamship Co.

## FOUR OPINIONS.

### 1. *Messrs. J. S. FRY & SONS, Bristol:*

"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man to possess."

### 2. *A TRADESMAN'S OPINION:*

MR. W. E. ROBERTS, Tobacconist, Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon.:—"I am highly pleased with the 'Business Encyclopædia.' The volumes are remarkably cheap, and your system does not in any way savour of the hire system; it is an ordinary business transaction in which a business man gets a very long credit."

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MR. G. E. ORAM, Commercial Traveller, Monton Green, Manchester:—"I find the 'Business Encyclopædia' most useful to me in my occupation as a commercial traveller. I have recommended the work to all my friends."

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We have prepared a handsomely illustrated Book, **"THE PRACTICAL BOOK,"** which will be sent to you free of charge, and which will show you how necessary the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" is to **YOUR** success. It points out the danger to business men of their falling into a rut, and how to avoid this danger. It includes valuable specimen plates embodying J. Holt Schooling's comparative calculations as to the trade statistics of this and other countries, also facsimiles of useful business documents. And it will also tell you how to obtain the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" for a first payment of 1/6 only, the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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Address.....

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J.15.10.

## THE LORD MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM.

### HOW ABOUT THAT KNIGHTHOOD?

It has been officially announced that Mr. George H. Kenrick has been selected as Lord Mayor of Birmingham for the coming year. And hereby hangs a tale.

The recently-constituted University of Birmingham has, since the granting of its charter, been erecting extensive new buildings at Bournbrook, a little way outside the city, upon the completion of which the scope of the University will be greatly increased, and most of the faculties will move out there. The point is that it has been taken for granted locally that whenever these important buildings are complete the opening ceremony will be performed by the King, when, if precedent is followed, the then Lord Mayor of the city will be made a knight.

It is upon this anticipation that the caucus in the Council has been at work. Two years ago it was expected that the buildings would be ready for opening during the municipal year which commenced in November, 1906, and in the early part of that year Mr. George H. Kenrick—who is the chairman of the Education Committee and a very liberal benefactor of the city, and therefore an appropriate choice—was ear-marked for the mayoralty during the King's year that was then anticipated to ensue; but the buildings were not ready for opening in 1907, nor did Mr. Kenrick accept the chief magistracy for that year, which two facts, it would seem from the following, were not merely coincidental.

The Council invited Mr. H. J. Sayer to fill the vacancy thus created, and in the emergency that gentleman accepted the position, and held it with credit to himself and the city. So successful was his first year of office that at its conclusion he was re-elected by his colleagues unanimously, his re-election being generally approved by the citizens.

During this second year he again proved himself one of the most capable and popular mayors of recent years, and there is little reason to doubt that had he been approached he would have been willing to stand a third time at the end of the present year. This would have been a very fitting choice, for as next year has now been decided upon for the opening of the University Buildings, it would have been suitable for him to receive the knighthood as a reward for his services to the city over a number of years, and especially in the capacity of Lord Mayor during the last two years. But the caucus decreed otherwise, and without consulting Mr. Sayer to see whether he would be willing to continue or not—which for courtesy's sake he had the right to expect—they published at the beginning of June in the local Press the announcement that Mr. Geo. H. Kenrick had accepted the Lord Mayoralty for the next year, seeking thereby—and seeking successfully—to anticipate the probability of Mr. Sayer being again approached.

The publication of Mr. Kenrick's acceptance had the effect, therefore, of practically making it impossible for Mr. Sayer to continue, whether he were willing to do so or not. For whatever the latter gentleman's inclinations may have been, he could not permit himself to compete for the office after the emphatic slight and indignity which had been offered him.

Beyond doubt, Mr. Kenrick is a worthy man, but the means whereby his election has been secured seem to leave something to be desired.

### RELIGION AT POPULAR PRICES.

[In a circular to the clergy who are approached as "Dear Brother in the Lord," an American Syndicate has created a sensation by offering to supply original sermons at one shilling each.—Daily paper.]

"Dear Brother in the Lord," walk up,
And view our bargains great
In sermons ready-made to suit
Each creed that's up to date.
We've special lines in strong appeals
To folks well steeped in sin,
We've gently-worded, mild rebukes
For greedy wights with "tin."
'Tis wonderful how many kinds
Of first-class goods we stock;
Your Campbells and your Cliffords, too,
Will have to take the knock.
Again, for your so-called "Smart Set"
Our sermons can't be beat;
They mean, indeed, that Father Vaughan
Must take a poor back seat.
No matter what your wants may be,
The Cleric we don't rob;
Our shelves are full of sterling stuff,
Your choice for just one bob.

S. M. G.

# The lasting pleasures of Chairman.

The enjoyment that Chairman gives to the appreciative smoker *lasts*. This fine mixture is cool from first to last and continues to give the same pleasure, the same wholly satisfying enjoyment, year in and year out, whether smoked much or little.

It is unusual in that it is always cool, and unique in that it never palls.

A smoker of Chairman gains the most that smoking can give, and enjoys the most enduring and the most economical of life's little pleasures.

Sold by all leading tobacconists at 5½d. per oz.

**BOARDMAN'S**
is the same tobacco milder, and
**RECORDER**
the same, but fuller flavoured.

**R. J. LEA,**
**45, Market Street, Manchester.**

T4

## "THE CONSTITUENT."

"How's trade, Bill?"

"Trade! There ain't no trade now. The furriners 'ave got it all," said Bill. "It's this Government a-doin' it."

"That's wot I say," said his mate. "Let's see—who's in now?"

"'Ow do I know?"

"Well, wot are they a-doin' then?"

"Lor', do you take me for a bloomin' member. You oughter know that when trade's bad, it's always the Government that's the cause of it."

To show his disgust for the apparent want of intelligence displayed by his mate, Bill spat on the sawdust floor of "The Workman's Rest," and then ordered "another."

"'Ere y'are, drink," he said.

"'Ere's luck!"

"'Ow is it?"

"Oh, it ain't bad!"

"Bad!!"

"Well, better than some."

"That's different from bad," said Bill. "There ain't no wot you'd call bad beer at all. Beer ain't like milk; it don't turn—at least, I've never 'ad any turn myself, never havin' given it time."

"You read a lot, don't you, Bill?" queried his mate.

"If I was a scholard," sighed Bill, "some of these Government chaps 'ud get it a bit lively from me. Look wot they are a-doin' now. 'Ere's trade all gone to the dogs, and now wot's wuss, they're goin' to rise the price of beer. Talk about the working man's rights! Bah!"

"Who's rising it, Bill?"

"The Government, of course. They do everything that ain't no good."

"Wot are they rising it for?"

"Look 'ere, matey," said Bill. "If you can't think of nothing else to say but ask me things the bloomin' Government don't know theirselves, you'd better chuck it. 'Ow do I know wot they do it for? 'Ow does anybody know? Even the King 'imself don't know. If I was Teddy——"

"Can't 'e stop it, Bill?"

"No! Nothing can stop it if they get a 'jority for it. Not even a King."

"You're a wonder, Bill, you are! Wot's a 'jority?"

"Why, it's summat they have in Parliament wot they do these things with."

"Wot beats me," continued Bill, "is why do they always pick on beer. Why don't they go for the milkman and bung up the price of milk. Who wants to drink milk, I wonder! I tumbled to it in a minute. Fust they are going to make beer that dear that you'll 'ave to fetch it in a thimble, and then they are going to shove in this 'ere new-fangled Sunlight business."

"Is that anything to do with Soap, Bill?"

"Soap! Soap! Who said anything about soap."

"You said Sunlight."

"There's nothing the matter with you, matey, I suppose?" said Bill. "Never been 'it on top of the 'ead with a 'ammer, or been a soldier?"

"No. Why?"

"'Cos you ask such silly questions."

"As I was saying," said Bill, "arter beer 'as been made that dear that it will be a sin to spill it, they are goin' to bring in this Sunlight business, so as to give you less time to drink it in. This beer risin' and Sunlight business are all in the same boat, and it's all one; the fust puts up the price of beer, and the second puts up the shutters three 'ours afore 'time' oughter be called. Now d'y' twig?"

"Do you mean it, Bill?"

"Now wot I want to know is: Where's the money comin' from to pay for it, and where's the time coming in to drink it? Just as you are beginnin' to feel thirsty, up goes the shutters, so to speak, and the landlord says as 'ow he'll be open agen in the middle of the night. All he'll be able to serve is the night coppers, and wot's the use of that? Every year it'll get wuss, bunging up the price and knockin' off the time, till there'll be no beer sold at all to the working man, 'cos why? Eh? 'Cos there'll be no time to drink it in. Talk about free England'! Bah! Gimme Roosher!"

# Whisky by Post

## 2 Bottles 7/6—3 Bottles 11/-

**6 Bottles 21/6 12 Bottles 42/-** Carriage Paid to nearest Railway Station.

Every drop of this whisky is guaranteed to be **more than 10 years old.** Do you know of any other whisky at anything like the price, which is sold under such a guarantee as this?

# SOMERVILLE'S SCOTCH WHISKY

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS OLD

is so pure, so mellow, and has such an exquisite flavour that we are able to say to you: "Try it in your own home. If it is not the best Scotch Whisky you ever tasted, return what you have left to us, at our expense, and we will refund your money in full." Can you conceive a fairer offer?

**Fill in the Special Offer Order Form below and post with your remittance to us to-day.**

N.B.—We forward 2 or 3 bottles of our whisky by post (larger quantities by rail, carriage paid to nearest station) to purchasers in England, Ireland, and Wales. For trade reasons we cannot accept orders from Scotland, Continental and Colonial purchasers may obtain terms on application.

**JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd., Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh. Established 1826.**

**SAMPLE HALF BOTTLE** sent post free on receipt of remittance for **2/-**

**SPECIAL OFFER ORDER FORM**

To Messrs. John Somerville and Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance, va'ue for which please send me bottles of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed Ten Years Old Scotch Whisky, as per your offer. It is understood that after trying it, I am at l berty to return the remainder to you, and you will refund my remittance in full.

J.B. 17/10/08.

Name.....

Full Address.....

## OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

**To Walter Runciman, Esq., M.P.**

My dear Wally,—I beg that you will not quarrel with the papers. With all their faults they might be worse. "What can be more monstrous," you ask, "than to see the way in which English is garbled in the evening newspapers?" The answer is, my good sir, the way English is garbled in Government Papers and by some of His Majesty's Ministers. Consider your own sentence. How can it be monstrous *to see* the way?

But English is a difficult language, and only a few of us can be perfect in it. At times it was impossible to parse even the Grand Old Man, and our present able Premier once asserted that "it did not matter one tit or jottle" about something or other. Now that you have thought well to speak of the garbled English of the evening papers, you have raised up eyes to watch you and ears to hear you. Editors, sub-editors, and reporters who to your faults said "Never mind," will never now to them be blind. They will put your speeches under the microscope, and you will be undone. I suggest you shall make abject apology. After all, it is unreasonable to expect the chastest English for a halfpenny; you want too much for your money.

John Bull.

**To the Lord Mayor of Manchester.**

My dear Lord Mayor,—With poignant regret I notice that your lordship and a member of the City Council, Mr. Ross Clyne, have been engaged in the heat of debate. The lamentable acerbities of Mr. Clyne were distinguished by his description of you as a coward, and your official compliments to him were that he was a cur. It affords me some pleasure to know, however, that you apologised to each other, Mr. Clyne withdrawing the "coward" and you withdrawing the "cur"; but you will perhaps excuse my saying that you rather remind me of that other town councillor who told a colleague to go to the devil, and, on being pressed to apologise, remarked, "Very well; he needn't go."

There is a beautiful poem, my dear Lord Mayor, which I think should be printed in large gilt letters at the expense of all City Councillors and members of Boards of Guardians, pasted on a card, and hung over the chair. I do not know whether the author is Bill Shakespeare or Bill Onions, but it commences like this—

Angry words, oh, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip.

It might be sung at the opening of the proceedings.

John Bull.

**To Wilbur Wright, Esq., The Heavens, Paris.**

Dear Wright,—You're right; I'm wrong. About a year ago you had a postcard from me saying that I didn't quite catch on to your position—in fact, expressing my view that you were no flyer. I said that for a man who was having a royal time among the birds you were mighty quiet about it; and I added that if you would start aeroplaning where I could be one of the audience, I would give a full report of your accomplishments. I apologise.

Fact is, I didn't think there could be a freeborn Amurric'n citizen on earth who could discover the way to fly, and keep his tongue still about it. Couldn't conceive of so much Yankee talent allied to so much reticence. Now I figger that you are the real stuff of which fliers are made, and I'm just writing to say that I'm glad you've fulfilled the last of the conditions on which M. Lazare Weiller will purchase for £20,000 the French rights in your aeroplane. Guess you'll have earned the dough by the time you get it.

If you'll fly over here one of these afternoons you can take wine with me and shake. You're genuine pie through and through; and when you haven't any more use for this world you'll have one of the swellest tombstones that was ever raised to a benefactor of the human species. Soon we shall all be aeroplaning down to business of a morning. The fellow who said the hour brings the man had the hammer right on the picture nail. We had either to fly or be massacred by motor cars, and now that you've fixed us up with the right sort of wings we'll be able to save the expenses of premature interment. I offer you the right hand of fellership, and hope we shall never fall out.

John Bull.

**To the Magistrates (Messrs. Tomlin, Hill, Mackenzie, and Burge), Cinque Port Sessions, Margate.**

Gentlemen,—A few days ago you had before you Mary Gray, 40, described as of no fixed abode and no occupation, charged with drunkenness. She was evidently a woman of education. Beyond the specific charge, there was nothing in evidence against her. Her own story, told in gusts of pitiful appeal to you, was that she had suffered a great wrong, that she did not wish to disclose her identity, and that, reduced to a condition in which she had forfeited all claim to home or friends, she had been left to seek her living in the streets. "What I have had to do to make a living is too painful, you understand, because I—— Please spare me," she appealed under the pressing questions of the Bench. "I will never take the drink again." Your chairman explained to her that she would be best in prison, where she could have the advice of the medical officer, the chaplain, and the police-court missionary, and then you fined her 10s. with the alternative of fourteen days in gaol. In sobs and tears she appealed to you not to send her to prison.

At this point a lady in court, Mrs. Havelock Ellis, offered to befriend the woman if you would discharge her. "Are you willing to take charge of her?" questioned your clerk. Mrs. Ellis had to confess that, as she was "staying at a boarding-house where the people were all good Christians," they would not take in the woman, and that for this reason she could not undertake the responsibility. "If you go to prison and serve your time," Mrs. Ellis told the weeping and sobbing woman in the dock, "I will not only visit you, but will help you afterwards to a better life." "That is the kindest thing you can do for her," said one of you. Thus it came about that the committal for this friendless, homeless woman was written out, and the taint of prison added to her record.

I do not put upon you any discredit, gentlemen, for your decision in this pitiable case. You appear to have thought it out in kindness; and I can have nothing but the highest regard for the humanity of the lady who has promised to salve what remains of a wrecked and broken creature who had no claims upon her save that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. But I do think that you might have combined your ideas of kindness with a sounder judgment. Was prison the inevitable, the only available mercy? As far as I can see, there was nothing in the facts or the circumstances to prevent your remanding this woman for inquiries; and in the meantime it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that the medical officer, the chaplain, and the court missionary of whose advice and care you think so highly, could have found means, in conference with Mrs. Havelock Ellis, to save her from this last degradation, that of your prison walls. Anxious, gentlemen, as you appear to have been to do what was best according to your intellectual and moral lights, you tried to raise her by pushing her a step still lower. That marks the error of your judgment, and it is one which I do not doubt you keenly feel and regret. The prison-tainted woman has now a benefactress, happily, but a prison-tainted woman she will remain to the end of her days. Throw out the lifelines and launch your lifeboat as you will, that makes the rescue for the wreck all the harder. This is a fact of experience which you have missed. Try never to miss it again. Three qualities of head and heart a magistrate needs—justice, mercy, judgment. *You* seem to need judgment most of all.

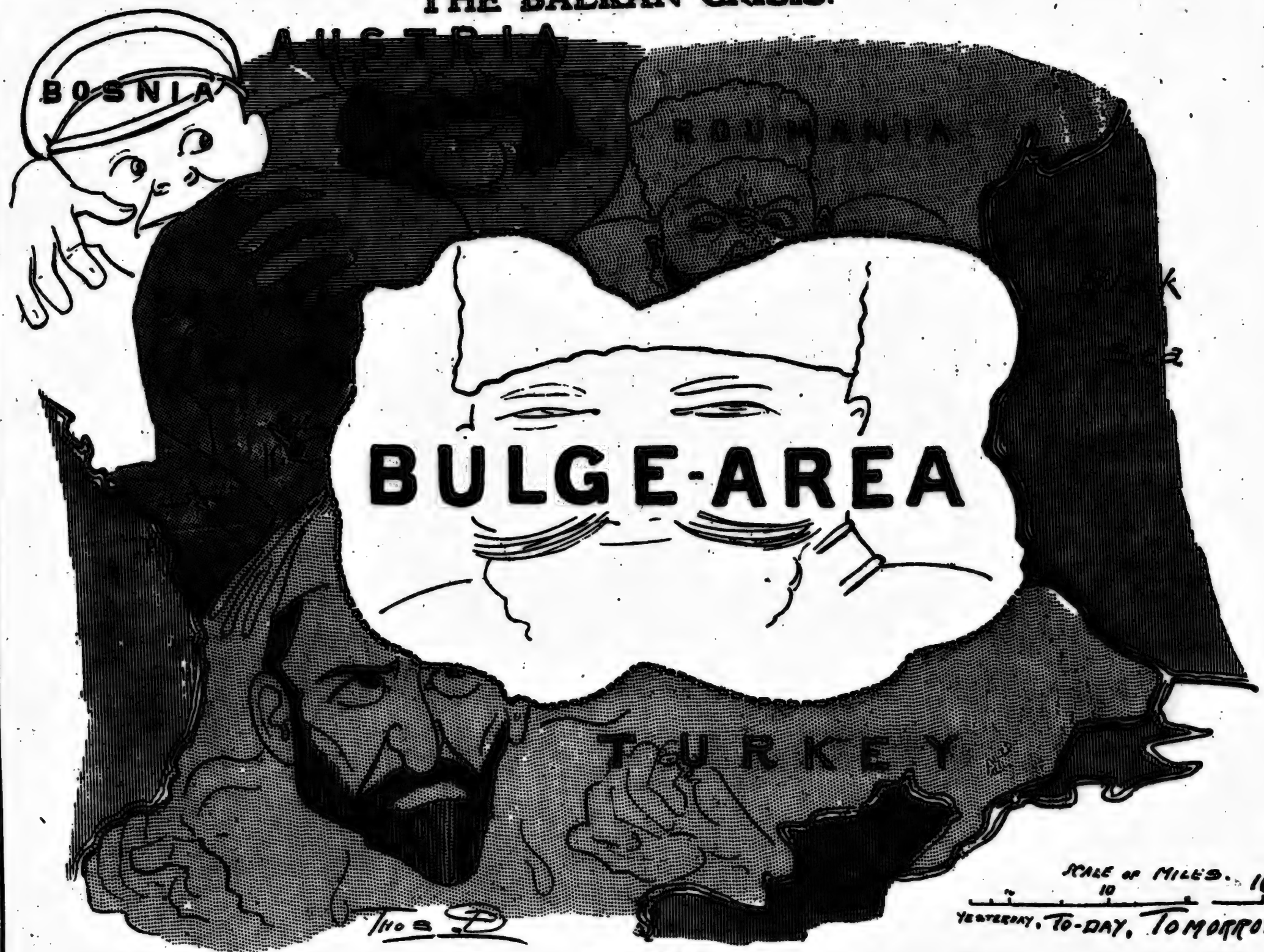
John Bull.

**To M. Isvolsky, London.**

Sir,—It was good of you to come over so promptly, and I trust that your conference with Grey may do something to clear up the situation. But I hope you have not come to press any further claims for compensation, either in the Dardanelles or anywhere else. Your country has not suffered any injury through the action of Bulgaria and Austria, and the fact that Turkey has been despoiled is no reason why she should be robbed of any further rights. However, I must confess that so far you have behaved very correctly. The King's visit to Reval was not such a mistake after all, and the consequent co-operation of Russia has been very useful in enabling us to further our policy in the East. I raise my glass to a permanent understanding between our respective countries.

John Bull.

## THE BALKAN CRISIS.




OUR MAP.

# IN THE CITY.

## JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

Readers who may not receive allotments are referred to the notice appearing on the next page. At the time of going to press the lists are only just closing.

## THE WHITE CITY.

Referring to our recent remarks on the White City, we have received the following from a well-informed correspondent:—

I read with great pleasure the article on the Franco-British Exhibition in your last week's edition, and also note what you say in the current issue of John Bull. I am glad to see that you have not been blinded by the specious and flattering reports which have appeared in the Carmelite newspapers. The reason that the *Daily Mail* and *Evening News* have so freely advertised the show is because they entered into a mutual agreement with the authorities, whereby they received the site for their building in the grounds at a very low price, in return for which they undertook to regularly print long and flattering reports. Incidentally, this arrangement upset the Australian Commissioners to such an extent that they brought an action against Mr. Kiralfy for breach of contract in allowing another building to obstruct their own; but the matter was settled in Court in a rather unsatisfactory way. However, I will give you a few more facts in connection with the inner history of the Exhibition, the truth of which can be easily ascertained:—

(1) Turn up the illustrated papers for 1905 and 1906, and you will find pages of matter in reference to the "Great 'Imre Kiralfy' Pleasure and Sports' Ground at Shepherd's Bush" *next year!* The "Kiralfy" was going to open first in 1906, then in 1907, *but* he could not secure the license, and therefore he could not raise the money to defray the cost of building.

(2) As Mr. Kiralfy (or Cohen) is neither a Frenchman nor an Englishman, but an Americanised Hungarian, is it likely that he has done his share of the F.B.E. for nothing but patriotism?

(3) Mr. Kiralfy, although not receiving any hard cash *this year*, has three sons (Charles, Albert, and Archibald) who are *each* getting a four-figure salary, as Managing Director, Director of Works, and Architect, respectively. Two more sons (Edgar and Harold) are also being very well paid, so the family is not doing so dusty.

(4) With regard to the Shepherd's Bush Improvements, Limited, this concern belongs to Mr. Kiralfy and a few friends. *If no exhibition takes place in 1909, the amount this concern will pay to the Exhibition authorities is only £25,000.* The £50,000 applies only to an Exhibition if held next year.

(5) The sinecures on the staff are all held by personal friends of the "Wizard"; the remainder of the staff are pushed off at a moment's notice, and two weeks' salary is paid out every Saturday to every member of the staff (even after working perhaps for 18 months or more) who may not be absolutely required.

(6) The arrangements with regard to lavatory accommodation were absolutely ignored until the last moment, and then the conveniences were run up with all possible speed, resulting in practical chaos. Lavatories do not enter into Mr. Kiralfy's scheme of beauty.

(7) There was so much "Kiralfy" about the Stadium, prior to the Olympic Games, that Lord Desborough threatened to resign altogether from his position as President of the British Olympic Council. However, the matter was smoothed over to a certain extent, though there is little doubt that the relations between the Olympic Council and Mr. Kiralfy are now very strained indeed, in view of the gigantic failure of the Olympic Games in regard to attendances.

(8) The exhibitors themselves, once they paid their money for space, were thereafter practically ignored. Some may have been satisfied, but the majority are not, with the results of their exhibiting.

## NEWFOUNDLAND PULP AND TIMBER TERRITORIES.

The Dutch auction in connection with these shares is rapidly coming to an end. Originally, Messrs. Iredale and Co., of "Water" Street, Liverpool, invited "offers" for 10,000 shares; their next circular asked for a bid of 7s. 6d.; the next of 5s.; then came a circular offering to take 2s. 6d. per share "to clear"—and now they will accept "2s. free of commission." We hope that whoever may be employing the firm is satisfied with its methods. At any rate, should a sale ensue at *any* price, he will have no cause to complain.

## THE UNITED KINGDOM FEDERATION.

In our issue of September 19th we had a reference to this concern, and invited any of our readers who had knowledge of the founders and managers of it to communicate their information to us. We have now received the following:—

I happen to know the offices and the James Etchells named. He is, or was, up to quite recently, Agency Manager for the Property Insurance Company, and the office he was seen in is that of the Property Insurance Company. I answered a glowing advertisement from that company, and saw the said James Etchells. He wanted me to plank down £100 or £50 (which I refused to do), and I would receive an appointment. Then I was offered to go on for a time at £2 a week and *provide security*, the latter of which I did; but that was altered. In the finish I got the idea he wanted cash.

## POLESWORTH POTTERIES.

We hear of a block of £10,000 of "debentures" going cheap in this concern. But as there is a stringent mortgage in front of the debentures, we advise our readers to give the rubbish a wide berth. The so-called debentures are quite worthless.

## TRACY, MILLER AND COMPANY.

We are glad to be able to state that our frequent exposures of this firm have been followed up by police action. As the case is pending, it would be improper to say more. When Richard Tracy—apparently the one member of the firm—was arrested, he told Detective-Sergt. Mercer that the money he was charged with unlawfully converting to his own use "had gone towards very heavy domestic expenses."

## EXIT "ARNOLD AND BUTLER."

At last London has become too hot for these "wrong 'uns," and after making desperate efforts to rake in more cash from the public, they have suddenly become alarmed at the activity of the Public Prosecutor and have decamped. Until we took them in hand, they were the most active rogues in the outside-broker touting fraternity, and our only regret is that the police have not laid them by the heels. But we shall hear of them again.

## THE ISLANDS INSURANCE CO.

We have received the following letter from Mr. E. J. Ashby, of 81, Sheep Street, Northampton:—

I have read with much interest the two statements appearing in your issues of September 19th and 26th with reference to the Islands Insurance Co.

I was originally a district manager for the Temple Fire and Accident Insurance Corporation, Ltd., and my services were transferred to the Islands upon the sale to them by the Temple of their monthly sickness and accident business.

The portion of the statement in your issue of the 26th ult., which particularly interests me is the paragraph in which Mr. Rawlings states "that it is untrue that the cheques issued by the Islands have been dishonoured. That in one case a cheque happened to go out with one signature short, and in one or two payment was stopped as the amounts were not accepted in full settlement, and the cheques not returned at the time."

In a letter I received from Mr. Rawlings, dated June 23rd, 1908, he alludes to two cheques sent to me the previous week for two claimants, asking me to return them, or if I have parted with them to get them back at once, as the Islands have had serious differences with the bank through drawing cheques on wrong account, and that unfortunately nothing can be done before Friday, etc. On June 27th, 1908, I received a letter from a firm of grocers and ironmongers to the effect that they had been requested by one claimant to inform me that the cheque for £1 10s. received by him on or about June 16th from the Islands Insurance Co. was duly presented for payment through a bank, and was returned a few days later marked R/D. They further state that they had no doubt that I should fully appreciate the meaning of these significant letters, etc., etc.

The other cheque was stopped by the Islands, but not as they state because the amount was not accepted in full settlement, as claimant had already agreed to accept the amount offered. Both these cheques were returned to the Islands, and I paid the claimants the amounts due to them myself, but I obtained repayment from the Islands Co. Since I have acted as district manager for the Islands my monthly business has dropped considerably, some of my agents and policy holders having absolutely refused to have anything to do with with the Islands for reasons not difficult to guess.

We are informed that this Company is still soliciting business, or at any rate was doing so a few days ago—a course they will find it difficult to justify should they be arraigned.

## THE VICTORIA FALLS POWER CO., LTD.

A cable has been received by the Victoria Falls Power Company, Limited, to the effect that the new station at Brakpan of 6,000 k.w. has started work, and is supplying power to a number of mines.

## FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

VARIOUS SHARES.—W. R. F. (St. John's Wood).—The first are no good. We should hold the others on the chance of improvement. A. W. N. (Downton).—Ditto.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND.—W. M. (Kingsland).—We see no good to be gained by raking up an unhappy incident.

WILLOUGHBY CONSOLIDATED COMPANY.—H. H. (Birmingham).—You had better hold them. Things are looking up in that direction, and even these sort of shares may gain therefrom.

DUNDERLAND IRON ORDINARIES.—J. H. N. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are afraid it will be a very long time, if ever, before these shares are of much value.

CITY OF BRUSSELS 1902 BONDS.—AJAX (Hither Green).—These Bonds are all right of their kind.

INTERNATIONAL VENDORS' SYNDICATE.—COAL (Wigan).—We cannot recommend it.

THE PREMIER INDUSTRIAL BANK.—P. H. O. (Manchester).—We know nothing against it.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST.—B. H. (Dudley).—If the facts are as you state them, it is a criminal matter, but a criminal prosecution would, of course, entail much worry and expense.

NATIONAL OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—A READER OF JOHN BULL (Cardiff).—We cannot recommend it.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—P. M. (Plumstead).—We have no doubt the London and Paris Exchange would buy these shares for you on the ordinary terms.

THREE SHARES.—CROMWELL (Guildford).—We do not see much inducement to buy any one of the three.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON.—ENQUIRER (Crawley).—We have no information that it ever did so, and do not think it did.

FINANCE CORPORATION.—B. T. (London).—We think not.

CONGO BONDS.—G. G. (Gateshead).—Whatever happens with regard to Congo finances will not apply to these Premium Bonds, as they are specially secured by gilt-edged investments, held in trust for the service of the loan on behalf of the bondholders, and the revenues from these investments suffice for this purpose. You need not, therefore, be uneasy about your Bonds.

INVESTMENT REGISTRY, LIMITED.—PARSON (Camden Hill).—The answer is in the negative.

NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE ORDINARY.—A. H. H. (Hinckley).—We see no reason why you should not sell out your Consols and put the proceeds into the ordinary stock named, or into John Bull Six per Cents.

INVESTMENT OF £500.—E. A. H. (Aberystwyth).—All the banks in your list are of high standing, indeed, the highest, but most of them, you will remember, have large uncalled capital. Bearing that in mind, we should be disposed to recommend the £60 shares with £12 paid up of the National Provincial Bank of England, which, in our opinion, are cheap at their present price, unless you go in for John Bull Six per Cents.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—C. W. S. (Beckenham).—Have nothing to do with either of these firms. W. P. (Willesden).—The answer is in the negative. We return, under cover, the two documents sent us. ANXIOUS (Strood).—See previous answer. A. B. C. (Portsmouth).—Have nothing to do with "triple" or any other combinations of the kind. G. E. W. (Finsbury).—We cannot tell why Routledge, Priest and Co. should assume you hold shares in the concern named. Pay no attention to their letter. G. L. G.—Better have nothing to do with them. C. H. H. (Manchester).—Ditto. J. H. (Park Head).—The prices you quote are about 20 per cent. higher than those for which you could get the same bonds elsewhere. A. S. R. (Redditch).—They are of no standing. BLOMFIELD (Belfast).—The prices charged by these people are considerably above the market price of the bonds in question. P. H. G. (Barnsley).—We cannot recommend either. A. F. W. (Victoria Docks).—Ditto. R. M. J. (Swansea).—Ditto. C. K. (Forest Hill).—We do not. See a reference to the people you name in last week's issue. DOUBTFUL (Waterford).—They are not to be relied upon. BEDROCK (Arbroath).—Have nothing to do with them.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—DUBIOUS (Wakefield).—We know of no reason why you should not take up an agency. As to your second question, we should prefer the local company. W. D. (Houghton-le-Spring).—We have read the correspondence you have had with the Provident Association of London, but your difficulty is that you have failed to fulfil your obligations under your contract with them. Having taken out a 30-year bond, you made seven payments, and then found you could not continue these payments. That necessarily placed you at the mercy of the Association. You make certain suggestions, which they do not accept, and they make a counter proposal, which you do not think good enough. There the matter stands. It may or may not be that the Association has not acted liberally towards you, but the point for you is whether they have done what they undertook to do, and we do not see that they have failed in that way. We return the correspondence.

SOUTH AFRICAN MINING SHARES.—S. D. S. (Cardiff).—(1) We should hold for the present. (2) The tea company whose shares you name is making a gallant struggle to recover its position, but the outlook is not very bright.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—J. M. W. (Alphington).—You had much better put your money into the Savings Bank or the Birkbeck Bank, where you would run no risk.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—A. W. C.—Let us see the cuttings you speak of. We do not think you need be under apprehension as to the safety of your deposit.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST.—C. J. C. (Stogursey).—We fear your money is gone. D. V. (Glasgow).—See previous answer. D. V.—We thank you for the circular from Mr. Ruelens, which attributes the failure of the company to "continued Press attacks."

MID-OXFORDSHIRE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY.—LANGFORD (London).—If you want to buy debentures, we should advise you to buy them, as you can do just now with advantage, from some other company.

IDEAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.—C. B. (Westbourne Park).—We do not know any good reasons for leaving the old established and eminently prosperous society of which you are a member to join this concern.

SOUND FIRE OFFICE.—W. S. W. (Perth).—The Sun, of Threadneedle Street, is as good as any.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES AND MUNICIPAL CORPORATION.—CONSTANT READER (Taunton).—Much on the same lines, we fancy.

ASSOCIATED PORTLAND CEMENT.—YENTOI (Middlesbrough).—They have their attractions as a very speculative purchase.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—B. (West Hartlepool).—We do not see what can be done. The company have informed you that your certificate lapsed on the 5th December, 1904, and it is rather late in the day to ask what is to be done about it. We return your correspondence, receipt books, and so on, under cover. J. L. D. (Manchester).—We should pay up the arrears. You no doubt know that the company has been amalgamated with two others.

MOTOR SHARE AND INVESTMENT TRUST.—CONSTANT READER.—Have nothing to do with these shares.

TWO FIRMS.—OMEGA (Attleborough).—Have nothing to do with either.

IMPERIAL FREE HOMES.—DOUBTFUL (Brixton Hill).—We do not.

SINN FEIN, LIMITED.—G. K.—It would be an extremely speculative purchase.

LAURENCE AND COMPANY.—S. R. J. (West Ealing).—Let us see the correspondence.

SAVINGS INVESTMENT AND BANKING CORPORATION.—J. G. (Bootle).—We regret we can be of no service to you in the matter. As you say, the surrender value would be very small, and it is not easy to dispose of bonds of the kind, more especially now when so much has been said in the way of criticism.

LIPTON'S SAVINGS BANK.—J. F. G. H. (Byfield).—We do not think any objection would be raised by the Government Savings Bank to your having a deposit with Lipton's in addition to the one you have with the Government, but you can easily settle the point by inquiring at a Post Office.

DERMA FEATURAL COMPANY, LIMITED.—W. M. (Chiswick).—We are obliged to you for the information you send us about these people. Whilst there are fools who can be persuaded that the ugly can be made beautiful there will always be other people who will be ready to make the attempt—for a consideration.

RECOVERY OF DEBT.—NIL (Clapham).—It is impossible for us to advise you in the matter. If your claim is a just one, you can always apply to the Courts, and for so small an amount the County Court would suffice; but, of course, there is the question of the solvency of the debtors, about which we can say nothing.

STATUS OF BANK.—J. P. (Reading).—We never recommend deposits with third-rate banks.

ARMSTRONG, HILTON AND COMPANY.—LANGLAND (Swansea).—We have your letter. The correspondence was not marked private. Let us know when you have been paid the balance still due to you.

THREE SHARES.—CONSTANT (Sheffield).—You should not increase your holding in any one of them. Try a few John Bull Six per Cents.

OPTIONS.—S. D. McH. (Edinburgh).—(1) If you read this journal, you must know that we have frequently expressed an adverse opinion as to what you describe as "the Option method." (2) Have nothing to do with the people whose circulars you send us.

TELEGRAPH CHRONICLE.—O. H. (Portsmouth).—We are obliged to you for the copy of the "Telegraph Chronicle" enclosed in your letter, and which contains an advertisement of the Pan-American Fibre Company.

INVESTMENT OF £1,000.—A. S. G. (Upper Holloway).—Two of the best building societies are the Perpetual, of New Bridge Street, and the Hearts of Oak. As for banks, all the leading banks are much of a muchness so far as security goes; but your friend should avoid those with heavy uncalled capital. M. P. T. (Hornsey).—You would be quite safe in putting your savings in Lipton's Savings Bank.

BOOTS' "C" PREFERENCE SHARES.—J. S. (Mornington Road).—Yes, quite safe, but not so good as John Bull Six per Cents.

UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS' ASSOCIATION.—DIDO (Camberwell).—We should not recommend you to take the course suggested.

BRITISH OAK HOUSE PURCHASE CORPORATION.—W. H. W. (Teignmouth).—We note that this business has been merged in the British General Investment Corporation, of Bank Buildings, St. George's Circus. We agree that these frequent changes are not calculated to inspire confidence.

PURCHASE OF SHARES.—CAUTIOUS (Burnley).—We do not much like any one of the three, but the Cargo Fleets are the best.

HALFORD AND COMPANY.—TYRO (Ballinasloe).—They have been long established, and would treat you fairly. MINX (Radford).—See previous answer.

NEUTRIOLA COMPANY.—W. W. (Swansea Vale).—We regret that we cannot give you the address of Mr. Norman A. Lees.

PREMIUM BONDS.—E. B. (St. Columb).—The "Bondholders' Register" will give you the information you want. W. M. C. (Sunderland).—Ditto. H. B. (Welbeck).—The name of the paper which gives these drawings is the "Bondholders' Register."

## INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—J. M. Y. (Caversham).—The Temple Company is a respectable concern. Have nothing to do with the other.

SCOTTISH SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.—LLANDAFF (Cardiff).—We think so.

PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—F. W. (Newport).—The bond matures so soon that it would seem to be unwise not to pay the remaining premium.

ASSIGNMENT OF POLICY.—E. O. R. (Russell Square).—You seem to be the victim of unhappy circumstances. We do not think the insurance company can be blamed under the circumstances for refusing to assign, and we fear you would have great difficulty in establishing your claim. We should cut the loss.

THE NEW ERA ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. (Walsall).—We will make some inquiries, and let you know next week. T. M. (Islington).—We should have preferred another selection.

ALBION ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.—F. C. (Langley Mill).—You cannot be a reader of this page, or you would know that we have frequently advised our readers to have nothing to do with this concern.

TWO INSURANCE COMPANIES.—W. W. (Sheffield).—Of the two, you would get the better result from the Legal and General.

ISLANDS INSURANCE COMPANY.—DOUBTFUL (Birmingham).—We cannot advise you to have anything to do with this concern.

BRITISH IMPERIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. M.—We are in entire agreement with you that the public will do well to avoid this concern.

UNIVERSAL INSURANCE LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—C. W. J. (Birmingham).—We have no information respecting it.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT.—F. B. (Shirley).—Make another application, and let us know the result.—We cannot take notice of allegations made by a writer who has not the courage to send his name and address.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## AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"**Pedlar's Pack,**" by Oliver Onions (Nash: 6s.), is a collection of ponderous short stories, with a substratum of cleverness. Why Pedlar? And why Onions?

"**The Log of a Sailorman,**" by W. Brooke (Century Press: 6s.), has all the simplicity to be expected from a sailorman, and affords quite pleasant and entertaining reading. I do not know why the publisher has informed me, in red ink, that "the author is a mate upon a steamship." But I may say, quite truthfully, that I have taken a fancy to the book, which is well summed-up in the simple words of the "Prelude":—

I have written the words of a sailorman's tale,
A story of life on the seas,
Of the mariner's calling in calm and in gale,
His trouble, his toil and his ease.
From waters that wash by the red coral bars,
From the ocean where ice-mountains gleam,
'Neath the clear, cold light of the colourless stars,
I have taken the text of my theme.

I have garnered my tales from a wandering life,
Plain stories of laughter and tears,
The joy and the sorrow, and bitter red strife,
That cluster around all the years.
Over sea-roads that girdle the ends of the earth,
By lands where the bush-fires blaze,
I have written these records in sadness and mirth,
All gathered by great waterways.

I find I have overlooked "**Moore's Almanack**" for 1908 (Cassell: 6d.). As it professes to be in its 211th year, I suppose it is the original Old Moore. It is much easier to review now that a portion of the year is over, for we can test the truth of the predictions. I see that in September the author predicts "much vice and immorality in the land," but so far I have seen no menace of either. Considering that Parliament was not sitting, I do not quite see how "the position of Saturn in the Eleventh House" can be "ominous of the defeat and resignation of the Government." The rest of the prophecies are almost as good. However, there was a suggestion of cholera in September.

"**Books in the House,**" by Alfred W. Pollard (Humphreys: 2s. 6d. net), is written in that spirit of bibliolatry which is the exclusive property of prigs. It gives us the superfluous information that "to acquire a new book is not so serious a venture as to seek a new friend." But the author thinks that, in buying a book, "we thereby enter into a covenant with all the gods and godesses of literature, that so long as that book is in our possession it shall be decently used." If Mr. Pollard could be turned into a reviewer for a few months, he would soon shake off his devotional attitude. However, he writes with some style, and has lit upon some quaint information.

"**The Unfortunate Duke,**" by Frederick Wicks (Collier: 6s.), is an unsuccessful attempt at a political novel. The cynicism is ponderous and obvious, and the strenuous levity often borders on the vulgar. But the illustrations are not bad in their simple way.

"**Tod McAlpin,**" by Alexander C. Wylie (Kegan Paul: 6s.), is of such enormous length, that many may be deterred from taking the plunge. But the book is not without distinction of a kind, and the characters improve on acquaintance. Some of them are even pawky.

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### *THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.*

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

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# AMONG THE MUMMERS

### VULGARITY GONE MAD.

Anything more vulgar than the manner in which certain women who call themselves actresses are bragging in the daily papers about the size of their hats, I do not recall in a prolonged experience of the cheap and nasty tricks of stage ladies intent on getting a free advertisement. The way in which the Yellow Press has lent itself to the ridiculous and nauseating business is a striking testimony to the degradation of journalism in these days. I suppose there are idiots who care a tuppeny dam how big or how small the hat of Miss Madge Somebody is, just as there are fools who excite themselves about the quantity of clothes that Miss Maud So-and-So does or does not wear, or the number of times that Mr. Thomas Snooks, actor and nobleman, has been led to the hymeneal altar. But I confess that I have never met anybody who would admit it; and were it not that the papers that are filled with this sort of drivel sell to the tune of hundreds of thousands a day, I should imagine that their editors were catering for a non-existent public.

### THE NEED FOR BOOMING.

On the ladies' side, of course, there is something to be said. They are not on the stage for their health or their morals, or any little thing of that kind; they are after the cash. They know that they need not have ability if they are notorious, or, rather, that they may have ability and be going very cheap unless they are notorious. Therefore they have press agents and other weird persons in their *entourage* who send such nonsense to the Press as is calculated to attract attention to their employers, knowing that if enough newspapers will print it, the salary which managers are prepared to pay will go up. The astonishing fact is that editors who would refuse to publish paragraphs about people who really matter—probably because the said editors would know nothing at all of such people—will insert yards and yards of slop about totally negligible actresses or actors. The twaddle served daily as to the vast size of this lady's hat and the insignificant proportions of the other lady's *robe de nuit*, or whatever it is that she wears when appearing as Lot's wife, are becoming tiresome. I pray the Yellow Press to discover some new subject, or to rediscover some old one.

### TWO NEW DANCERS.

Two new dancers have come to Town, and both of them are worth the seeing. I do not know whether the warranty which each of them produces would hold good under archæological and other expert scrutiny. One of the ladies says that she dances in the Indian way, the other in the Grecian. The former is Miss Ruth St. Denis—who must not be confused with another lady of very similar name who has been cavorting on the English variety stage for some time past—and, like Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan, she is an American. All three of these dancers have much in common, but Miss St. Denis, who has been showing at the Scala Theatre, has a novel and curious repertory. As I have hinted already, the accuracy or otherwise of the Indian label affixed to her dances is beyond my judgment; the interest of all the dances and the beauty of some of them is undeniable. The dances are supposed to describe certain aspects of Indian life, and they are certainly Eastern in flavour—and dressing, or perhaps one should say undressing. As one looks at Miss St. Denis one is glad that the weather remains warm, and that the Scala Theatre is singularly devoid of draughts. One trembles likewise for the emotions of Mr. Stead and the nerves of Mrs. Grundy should either of them drop in at the Scala on the off-chance. For Miss St. Denis' clothing is what I believe the pedants call diaphanous, and 'Arry "a bit thin"—or "thick." Still, Miss St. Denis bears looking at; and, if she will not misunderstand me, I would say that I hope to see a great deal more of her.

### A DEGRADED ART.

So with Miss Artenis Colonna, who claims to be a Greek by birth and to have co-operated with Miss Duncan in an effort to raise once more the art of dancing, which she says has been "degraded and debased." I am not quite clear what these "New Dancers" mean when they say this sort of thing. It is true that we have too few good stage dancers in these days, and that much of our stage dancing is really acrobatics rather than dancing. But the best work of Genée, to take only one example, is as great and as elevated, as morally pure and as finely symbolical, as the best work of Miss Duncan or Miss Colonna. Contortionism in dancing is becoming less popular; and I am afraid there is a possibility of a dangerous reaction to ancient forms, or their feeble imitation. Much of the so-called "classical" dancing is not dancing at all; it is posing; and as art it is hardly on higher levels than the living picture or the human bronze. An epidemic of it threatens us. Fortunately, however, the pseudo-classical lends itself admirably to the broad humorist; and I live in hopes that the coming pantomime season will give us some wholesome correctives of the present boom.

P.

P.S.—Will J. B., of Glasgow, who forwards an elaborate Scottish joke on the name of Pickard, kindly send me a detailed explanation of the same?

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## JOHN BULL AND JOHN CHINAMAN.

### A WORD FOR THE SMILING CELESTIAL.

By C. J. H. H.

With an eloquence and imagination worthy to adorn a better cause, our clergy and missionaries are wont to denounce with righteous horror the "fatal heathenism" of those ancient though "benighted peoples" which inhabit the vast provinces of the Celestial Empire.

The other day a popular preacher, in alluding to the Chinese, remarked with gentle benevolence that they had morally degenerated to such an extent that, unless they speedily embraced the Christian faith, the entire race was doomed to spiritual extinction, and had "no future;" in other words, that as each unfortunate Son of Han passed beyond the boundaries of this mortal existence, he would be escorted down to the tropic regions of lower Tophet—where that arch Old Gentleman of Mosaic fame caters with paternal solicitude for the lost souls entrusted to his care—and, after being initiated into the sacred mysteries of fire and brimstone, would be detained there for all eternity in order that the roasting process, already begun in this transitory life of probation, might be completed at leisure and with all the refinement of torture so dear to some enlightened minds.

I have resided for nearly seven years in various parts of China, and have come to the conclusion that its inhabitants are sober, honest, thrifty, and intelligent—far more honest than many who call themselves Christians. For instance, it is customary there for ladies and gentlemen, when asking for any especial dispensation from heaven, to have a square tablet made of pure gold upon which their prayer is recorded. This valuable token or offering—which could be sold anywhere for a considerable sum of money—is placed upon an altar, or hung upon an idol, and left in the temple, which is never closed, nor is anyone stationed there to guard the sacred tablets. Poor starving beggars will go and pray in the fane, and at night lie down to sleep upon the steps beneath the projecting eaves of the roof, with the doors wide open, yet they would sooner die than touch those tablets or in any way desecrate the shrine. Place that temple, with its open doors and its unguarded treasure, in London. How long would those golden tablets remain there? Without any great stretch of the imagination, one can picture a couple of seedy-looking individuals discovering these precious tablets and discussing the question of appropriation. "Look 'ere, Bill," one can hear the wickeder individual say, "it's no good bein' sentimental abart it—there's th' bloomin' brass, as soft as butter. Let's nab th' lot an' make bricks of it afore some other bloke comes along." And bricks they would make of it, sure enough.

John Chinaman finds his way to most places and invariably behaves himself very properly there, and I should not be at all surprised if, when the clerical gentleman in question arrives at the regions of bliss, he should find Mr. John already there to greet him; perhaps to usher him into the goodly company of saints which his piety and exclusiveness will entitle him to lodge with. Seriously speaking, it is a long road to heaven—particularly for those who have "no future;" and, although certain gentlemen have found the royal road there, and would like all peoples to travel by it, John will not be hurried forward by any western vehicle, or travel by any other road than his own. Like the tortoise, he will go slowly, solemnly, but, nevertheless, surely, and none of his outfit will be left behind—not so much as a blackened rice-pot—for he prepares for all emergencies, and I don't blame him. When he does arrive at the portals, he will do so in a quiet, orderly manner, with a bland smile on his face and a fan in his hand. Should he be refused admission, owing to the great number of white-robed clergy there, he will bow, smile, apologise for the intrusion, and trudge on slowly and cautiously, with all his goods and chattels and weighty obligations, until he comes to another entrance. If he finds that this place has likewise a full complement of hall-marked Christians, he will, again smile and bow, and, taking up his traps, walk to the next entrance. If he is there told that no Chinese need apply, he will politely express his indebtedness for this valuable information, and, having made his obeisance, travel on hopefully until he comes to a gate where people with clean hearts, yellow skins, and "no future" are admitted. But get there he will, in God's good time.


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# JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

"Suffragetting" in East Fife.

East Fife is Mr. Asquith's constituency, and has therefore received an extra amount of attention from all and every woman's suffrage society. In fact, it has been pampered! All the most eloquent speakers have been turned on, with the result that the East-Fifers have developed into critical judges of oratory, and she who ventures to address them runs the gauntlet of outspoken comparison with all the shining lights of the movement. The inhabitants of East Fife have some peculiar manners and customs. One is, as you walk through a village it appears to be nigh uninhabited, but if you chance to look round suddenly, lo and behold! there are eyes peering from every cottage door at your retreating form. Open-air speaking there is rather exhausting. The people seem anxious to hear what is being said, but instead of gathering around, they timidly stand afar off. They are really happy if they can hide behind trees, or peer at the speaker round a neighbouring street corner. They are not apparently gifted with overmuch sense of humour. But then are not we given to understand that the Scotch idea of a joke differs vastly from the English conception of the same thing? One bright speaker who punctuates her addresses with anecdotes that usually keep up a ripple of laughter amid her hearers, declares East Fife to be the one and only place where all her best stories fall flat. Once somebody actually laughed heartily at the appropriate moment, and she almost tumbled off her chair with astonishment—however, it transpired that the amused person was an English tourist! But for all this, the East-Fifers have their good points. They are good-natured in the extreme, and think very seriously about new ideas.

Suppers for Speakers.

East Fife is rather a difficult constituency to tackle, as it consists for the most part of small villages situated many miles apart, so that long distances have to be driven or cycled for almost every meeting. The suffragettes always lodge in the house of the widow of the Ladybank doctor, and she takes a pride in the little economical suppers she prepares for them after their long, chilly, night-drives over miles of wind-swept country. Here is a Ladybank recipe:—Put two breakfast cups of milk into a saucepan, and warm. Stir in sufficient grated cheese and breadcrumbs to thicken. Then add two beaten eggs, a nut of butter, salt, pepper, and a good deal of mustard. Let simmer very slowly for about twenty minutes. This pudding can also be baked. Here is another:—Boil half a pound of macaroni for about an hour in slightly salted water. Mince a quarter of a pound of gammon of bacon or ham, and grate a quarter of a pound of cheese (Parmesan for choice). Drain the macaroni and fill a cake-tin with alternate layers of macaroni, ham, and cheese, flavouring with salt and pepper. Melt an ounce of butter and pour it over the top, then beat up an egg with a little milk and pour egg and milk over all. Bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve in the tin.

Drury Lane Dresses.

There is not a gown worn in "Marriages in Mayfair" that is not either interesting or beautiful, but perhaps Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis has the pick of the bunch. She first appears in a moonlight blue roman satin. The draped bodice fastens in a rosette at the left side of the waist, and has a softly folded rever, which is edged with very deep fringe. This fringe runs down the left side of the skirt, crosses over about the height of the knees, and from there continues round the edge of the train. This gown might indeed be termed "smart simplicity." With it is worn a hat of black ottoman silk with plumes, hanging ribbons at the left side, and a blue underbrim. Another charming dress is entirely black and white. The well-fitting princess gown of white face-cloth has a yoke of tucked chiffon edged on either side by lace and a neat fichu of black velvet with hanging ends. The front of the gown from the lower edge of this yoke consists of a wide panel of black net embroidered with leaves and flowers of jet. This panel is bordered on either side by a band of velvet which ends in jet fringe. The sleeves of rucked chiffon are absolutely skin-tight—the latest fashion for sleeves. The hat is white with black plumes and a black chiffon veil floating gracefully down the back. One of the most charming black and white gowns in the play is worn by one of the less important characters. The yoke and sleeves are of chenille-spotted net and lace, through which is threaded ebony baby-ribbon. The gown is made all in one, and most gracefully swathed. A black satin scarf hangs loosely over the bust from the right shoulder, crosses the back, is fastened on the left hip, crosses the front of the body, and then fastens by a rosette half way down the skirt at the right side. Truly a new and fashionable method of utilising an ordinary enough fringed scarf.


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and all **Defects in Speech** effectually **CURED** by "The Mason Natural System of 1876," either by correspondence or by personal tuition. The "Practical Guide" (11th Edition), with printed Medical and General testimony to the 32 years' success of the system, is lent to enquirers, post free. A preliminary interview (without charge) can be had by previous appointment.

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# HOW I TOOK MY WRINKLES OUT.

**After Massage, Creams, and Beauty Doctors Had Failed.**

By HARRIETT META.

Trouble, worry, and ill-health brought me deep lines and wrinkles. I realised that they not only greatly marred my appearance and made me look much older, but that they would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success, either socially or financially, depends very largely on her appearance. The plain woman, with deep lines and furrows in her face, must fight an unequal battle with her younger and better-looking sister.

I therefore bought various kinds of cold cream and skin foods, and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to regain my former appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to get deeper. Next I went to a beauty specialist, who told me she could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid the money and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought they got less, but after spending all the money I could afford for such treatment I found I still had my wrinkles. So I gave up in despair, and concluded I must carry them to my grave. One day a friend of mine, who was versed in chemistry, made a suggestion, and this gave me a new idea.

I immediately went to work making experiments and studying everything I could get hold of on the subject. After several long months of almost numberless trials and discouragements, I finally discovered a process which produced most astounding results on my wrinkles in a single night. I was delighted beyond expression. I tried my treatment again, and lo and behold, my wrinkles were practically gone! A third treatment—three nights in all—and I had no wrinkles, and my face was as smooth as ever.

I next offered my treatment to some of my immediate friends, who used it with surprising results, and I have now decided to offer it to the public. Mrs. J. E. Black, of Yonkers, N.Y., says that when she looks in the glass she scarcely knows herself, the improvement is so great, and that her wrinkles are entirely removed. Rev. Josephine Talmage, of Chicago, Ill., says: "Your system is the only treatment in the world that will actually remove wrinkles. When all others failed, yours stands alone as a success."

I will send further particulars to anyone who is interested free of charge. I use no cream, massage, face-steamings, bandages, or straps; there is nothing to inject, and nothing to injure the skin. It is an entirely new discovery of my own, and so simple that you can use it without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. You apply the treatment at night, and go to bed. In the morning, lo! the wonderful transformation. People often write me: "It sounds too good to be true." Well, the test will tell.

If interested in my discovery, please address HARRIETT META, Dept. 120, 61, New Oxford Street, London, and I will send full particulars.—[Advt.]


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# THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

## PATHOLOGICAL AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE VEGETABLE.

One of my readers has been kind enough to send to me an account of the researches of certain French pathologists who have been studying the effects of vegetables upon some of the human race. Those researches are of transcendent importance. Let people say what they will of the evils and cruelties and injustices of this world, but an over-ruling Providence who has given to us potatoes cannot be wholly without good intentions. If I had been called upon to frame the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion, I should have included the potato, for the reason that, from whatever point of view it is regarded, its claims upon faith and worship are of the highest.

The French pathologists boldly proclaim that potatoes should be eaten by judges, magistrates, editors, and those engaged in similar occupations, declaring that potatoes develop the reasoning faculties and give great mental balance and calmness of reflection. Why are our Puisne Judges so often upset in the Courts of Appeal? Because they do not eat sufficient potatoes. Why do our magistrates so often qualify themselves for the pillory of public opinion? Because they do not consume sufficient potatoes. Why do our editors give away pianos and things to induce you to buy their papers? Because they insufficiently partake of potatoes. But even the French pathologists say over-indulgence is not good. A man who would be a wise judge or a good editor should consume potatoes till he is filled—not until he bursts.

Now, if you please, we will remove the potatoes and consider the pathology and psychology of the common carmine carrot. This elongated vegetable is one of the greatest moral forces in the Christian world. Show me a man with a bad temper, with a peevish disposition, or with a vile liver, and I will show you one who abstains from carrots. The discovery of the beneficent influence of carrots on the human organism is perhaps the most beautiful example of tireless investigation which modern science can show. It is proved that a persistent course of boiled carrots soothes the mind and improves the liver. It cures jealousy and melancholy. It damps out the evil fires of wrath and revenge. "In fact," say the French pathologists, "the whole nature of the carrot-eater undergoes a complete change. He becomes easy-going, good-natured, and placidly affectionate." Hang a carrot over the nose of a donkey and he will run after it for hours; and if there be any woman who has been brought to sorrow and tears by an ill-tempered and liverish husband, let her serve him with frequent meals of carrots. She will perceive a change in him at once.

The French pathologists have studied spinach in all its bearings. In this they have the advantage of me. I know it by sight, but not to speak to. But when the commanding word of Science tells me, as it does, that "spinach is good for men of action, and that all great generals have devoured it in large quantities," I demand to know whether Mr. Haldane has adequately entertained the Army Council and duly placed spinach on the daily menu of Mr. Thomas Atkins. Is the Lord Kitchener well supplied, and have the Duke of Connaught, Sir John French, and General Baden-Powell large quantities to go on with? Had I known that spinach was the one thing wanted in the earlier stages of our conduct of the Boer war, I would have raised heaven and earth to secure funds sufficient to supply every man at the front with three platesful of spinach a day. We must make no mistake in the future. Spinach must be the leading line in Army rations.

As the British Army has suffered in the past from insufficiency of spinach, so has British poetry suffered from an insufficiency of French beans. "Those who yearn for poetic thoughts should eat largely of beans," say the French pathologists; "beans create poets." Therefore I say, with a full sense of my responsibility, if you cannot have poets without beans, give them beans.

The king of vegetables is the haricot bean. It fills the place usually conceded to fish; it makes brain, as everyone will realise when he knows that it is the staple food of vegetarians. But if the haricot bean is the king of vegetables, green peas are the very deuce, even with lamb. They are the most immoral food in the kitchen garden. "Men and women who eat green peas are given to flirting—and, if they eat many," so say the French pathologists, "are not to be trusted. Green peas are responsible for the majority of divorce cases and similar scandals in high life."

Now I do not wish to interfere in any way with the high functions of Father Vaughan. But I venture to put it to him that he has missed his way. He has launched his thunders against the Smart Set oft, but vainly. Let him consider why. I suggest he has been thundering from the wrong texts. What is the matter with the Smart Set is not so much devilry as diet. Its frivolities and its vices are not bred in the bone, but green peas in the flesh. His spiritual text and theme should have been, "Thou shalt not partake of green peas." And that same text should be inscribed over the seat of judgment in the Divorce Court. Green peas are accursed. Let them perish that man (and woman) may be saved.


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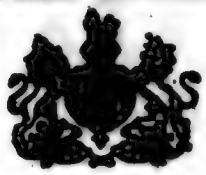

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## BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—
That the Adelphi play, "The Last Heir," is by George R. Sims.
That Turkey is learning the "goose-step."
That the Bohemian Diet at Prague consists of "scraps."
That the Variety Artists' Federation says the agent ain't a great.
That the objection of the Unemployed to enlistment is a rational one.
That Guardians who get into hot water complain of Burns.
That Andrew Carnegie is still a Free Library 'un.
That Bulgaria had a right to a "Sofia-cal" Oriental Railway ticket.
That the Suffragettes won't meet the Premier "on the Square."

"Infernal Machine as Wedding Present," we read. Gramophone, of course.

It is stated that the Nobel prize for literature is to be awarded to Algernon Charles Swinburne. Also ran: Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, etc.

The Dalai Lama of Thibet is said to be wandering about China. No wonder he is daily lamer.

"The present generation is always tired," says Lady Gordon. A case for regeneration.

"In London everybody wants a tip," says the Sydney *Bulletin*. Of course, we all like to have a bit in hand.

If you want to save time, spend it well.

The attempt to improve the breed of the British donkey is being made. But however good your donkey, it may be beaten.

A Japanese florist has discovered a rose which turns from pink to crimson when exposed to the sun. A real blush-rose.

"France has largely forgotten Napoleon," says the Rev. T. T. Norgate. Even the great man's memory is out at-Kibe.

The marks of a crutch led to the arrest of a one-legged man for burglary. Lame evidence.

"The modern musician has become a mere juggler," says the *Musical Standard*. No doubt he has a jugular vein.

The Jewish pedlar who left an estate of nearly £12,000 evidently discovered the right road to fortune.

"Do policemen become dumb?" asks a contemporary. No doubt, when they get the tip.

The Commissioner of Police wants more "refuges" to break up the traffic. Why not more motor-busses?

A speaker at the Incorporated Society of Accountants' Conference attributed the decimal system to Adam and Eve. No doubt the serpent was an adder.

The *Stage* observes, "On Monday Mr. Wilkie opened to a well-filled audience." That's the time to fetch 'em!

Sir George Sitwell has joined the Liberal party. The point is, will he "stand" well?

A burglar recently appealed against his sentence on the ground that "the bloke what identified me had his head under the bedclothes all the time"!

A lady has received £63 compensation for loss of her little toe. But she can now wear shoes a size smaller.

Judge Parry says he once had a Scotsman before him, who said his name was Moses Isaacs. This bears out the suspicion that Lord Rosebery is really the Wandering Jew.

The witty Chinese Ambassador to Washington has been recalled because he condemned roast pig. Pawky humour.

Mr. Lloyd George: "I do not know what kind of a song the next Budget will be." But we know that it will be a "part" song.

An Englishman, who squandered a fortune, applied for a place in New York as a dish-washer. Was he after the family plate?

Teaspoons have been made out of the frame of the Zeppelin airship They should make a stir.

A conductor who found a purse in his car containing £8 declined a reward of 3d. After his honesty, he naturally resembled the coppers.

We read that a spider is an excellent barometer. When wet, take a fly.

MUSICAL WELLERISMS:—
"'Tis hard to give my hand," as the urchin said to the schoolmaster.
"Love's golden dream has passed," as the man said when he woke up to find the dog licking his face.
"Alice, where art thou?" as the man asked his wife when he heard the burglars.
"Come into the garden, Maud," as her brother shouted when he tumbled through the cucumber frame.
"When other lips," as the lodger said when he found the spirit bottle half empty.
"Whisper and I shall hear," as the policeman said at closing time.
"Speed on, my bark," as the poacher said to the dog when chasing the hare.

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GENTLEMEN inclined to stoutness need a Nove Compression Belt. This famous belt not only reduces most naturally the girth of the figure round the waist and abdomen, but imparts a splendid sense of strength to the whole body.

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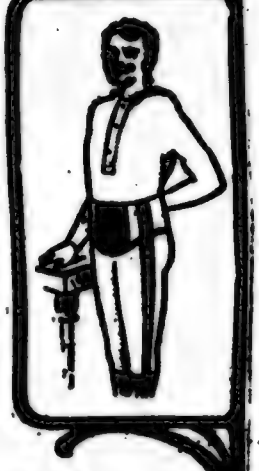

The Nove Compression Belt is almost entirely made of the very best elastic, which will not perish in any climate. They are supplied with, or without, suspenders, and can be made to hook at the side, or fasten in front with small corset steels, or straps and buckles. Every belt laces at the back in order to allow for alteration in size.

This belt is sold in three qualities, viz.: Drab white or blue, £1 8s. 6d., white silk face, £1 12s. 6d. and all white silk £2 2s. 6d. When ordering state waist measure, size round hips and size 8 inches above waist. Obtainable only from the

"NOVO" BELT COMPANY,
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89, Brown Street, Manchester.

BOVRIL

## JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

*NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?*

The Rev. Canon Jephson writes explaining that, although his new living is nominally worth £750 a year and house, he has to pay a retiring pension to the late rector, and as his Walworth living is worth £600 a year and house, he at present gains nothing by the change—except peace and quiet.

"A Seafarer" (Hull) protests against some insolent remarks about his profession in *London Opinion*, and complains that "the officers of the British merchant service are not appreciated by the country as much as they ought to be, considering that we are the greatest carriers of seaborne goods in the world." He very justly complains that the "Government of England makes the laws to govern the seafaring man, whose class is the only one absolutely unrepresented in the House of Commons today." But what about our hon. friend Havelock Wilson?

J. P. O. (Gillingham) wants us to send somebody out to Canada to investigate the opportunities of emigrants. But we should be sorry to send anybody to Canada.

S. B. (Lowestoft) has been answering advertisements of "situations vacant" in the *Daily Telegraph* out of curiosity, and complains that he has never had a reply. Perhaps the advertisers guessed that he was trying to pull their legs. Anyhow, if they had been swindlers, they would have answered fast enough.

"Jack Bullock" (Dalston).—The lady was certainly very frank in stating that her smallest child was a little boy of two, and that she lost her husband by an accident five years ago.

"Em Ah" points out that a map in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" places some hills right across a road. But he admits that this occurred in Wales.

R. W. (St. Margaret's).—We have already seen specimens of those disgusting circulars, and would suggest that they should be passed on to the police.

"Amused" (Hull) says he saw an advertisement outside a draper's shop with the words, "have you seen my stockings?" and he is afraid that if this sort of thing goes on, it may some day lead to vulgarity. He asks whether there is a censor for advertisements. We hope not.

R. H. T. (Herne Bay) wants to know whether it is possible for the ordinary person to get into touch with the publishers or composers of music-hall songs, and whether a really clever outsider could get any remuneration for his efforts? The specimen he encloses seems to us quite up to the mark of the average triumph of the Halls. But why not try something original?

J. M. K. (Kilburn) wants us to give an explanation of the rate of exchange and its effect upon Free Trade. But life is short.

F. S. (Leeds) and others write us kindly references to our appreciation of Bradlaugh. We are glad that so many readers echo our sentiments.

"Sailor" (Hull).—Oh those evangelists!

T. R. S. (London).—Thanks for cuttings. It is, of course, the old private banks which are the worst offenders in the matter of unclaimed balances.

P. C. A. (Poplar).—We are not experts in old books.

H. D. (Norwich) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Commercial Travellers' Schools, of which he, his brother, and his sister were all scholars. Nothing like sticking up for your alma mater.

E. M. K. (Kingsland) suggests that we should prosecute Pigott, as common informers, under the provisions of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, in relation to procuring females by false pretences. But we should require the co-operation of the females—and they are all too busy just at present.

P. D. (Devonport) sends us the following short and sweet letter: "Sir,—Have I not read that there are farms which rear donkeys on purpose for their milk for the use of infants and invalids? Yours truly, 'A Constant Reader.'" How on earth can we know what he has read and what he has left unmilked?

F. R. (Kilmarnock) complains that our guineas do not go to Scotland often enough. The Scotsmen must look to their laurels and bang their saxpences more lavishly.

E. L. C. B. (Poplar) sends an advertisement of a bookmaker who wants a partner. He suggests that the proposal might suit Jim Crow. But we refuse to encourage him in his evil race-courses.

J. S. W. (Bognor) sends us the picture of an animal framed in a horseshoe, but we do not know whether it is intended for a dog, or a horse, or a goat, or a jackal, or a boa-constrictor. No wonder our correspondent says he is enclosing "a suggested biscuit."

"Fair Play" (Bermondsey) protests against policemen adopting disguises to trap bookmakers. But we thought the force had been canonised.

J. B. (North Kensington).—It was certainly modest of Father Benson to issue "The Religion of the Plain Man, with the Author's Portrait."

A. H. T. (Liscard) has sent a set of John Bull to the Birkenhead Hospital, so now the patients will be all right.

J. A. A. (York) sends us a circular of a "Bible and Gospel Mission Carriage for French and Italian Riviera," stating that £80 at least is required and that they are "looking to God for this sum." Jim Crow has made arrangements to meet them at Monte Carlo and act as treasurer of the money.

E. L. (Tooting) says he has been taken in by Kenworthy Bros., of Blackburn, and is prepared to prosecute if two or three other victims will gather together.

Grandfather (Stroud Green), wishes us to decide a peculiar question: Does a man love the woman he marries more before or after marriage? Our experience is limited and we are disposed to give it as a dead-heat.

*The Mystery Solved!*

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# Doctor's Warning of a Cruel Winter.

## DESPERATE OUTLOOK FOR THE AILING—ESPECIALLY ASTHMATIC AND WEAK-CHESTED PEOPLE.

### A BRILLIANT OFFER.

By a Well-Known Specialist.

One of England's most prominent public men, and a medical specialist of wide experience, has come forth with the striking prediction that we are to have the most serious and troublesome winter ever experienced in this country.

Whilst dealing with the subject in a political manner, it is evident that his words contain a serious warning to the ailing, especially those who are afflicted with those winter troubles such as asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, and chest weakness.

**A Splendid Offer to all who Suffer.**

It is fortunate, indeed, that there are those who are constantly watching the interests of the ailing, and it is certainly a matter for universal congratulation that at this time, when the asthmatic is most threatened with disaster, such an authority as Professor Haynel should come forward with his invaluable advice.

No man has had a greater experience in dealing with chest and lung troubles than Professor Haynel, and when he tells the sufferer what to do his advice will certainly be followed with care. We give his advice here, and also particulars of a wonderful offer of personal help that he makes to all sufferers.

Many former sufferers owe to Professor Haynel, who is at the head of the famous Weidhaas Hygienic Institute and chief administrator of the brilliantly successful Weidhaas Home Treatment, a great debt of gratitude for their entire recovery from chronic ailments, often of many years' standing, and as the result of his experiences and his practical work he is conveying a new message of hope to asthmatics and those who suffer from bronchitis and other chest diseases.

What, then, is the advice that Professor Haynel gives?

"Now that it is known," says this authority, "the winter is to descend like a scourge upon the ailing, they must at once seek out a method of ridding themselves of any slight symptoms that appear, and of building up their constitution."

It is useless, however, to depend on drugs to build up the body, for the drug-taker is like a man that throws a cloak over a virulent serpent. The serpent will surely struggle through the cloth, ready to exercise its deadly fangs again. So the early stages of disease cannot be removed by drugs, but are simply hidden for a time, only to come forward again with greater power.

"Drug taking is madness," said the Bishop of London, and these words should be burnt into every sufferer's mind.

Drugs, even if they are relief in other troubles, are useless to the asthmatic and the sufferer from bronchitis. There is a curse upon the patent medicine craze. It is a shame that weak people should be induced to spend their money on concoctions which, because they sometimes clear the throat of phlegm, are considered "asthma cures."

The cure for asthma or bronchitis is not in the medicine bottle, but in Nature's own hands, and the triumph of modern science is that Nature has been harnessed to work for the benefit of the sufferer. The greatest success in modern curative endeavour has been the establishment of the Weidhaas Home Nature Treatment, for the cure of weak throat, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, and lung troubles.

**What the Asthmatic must Do.**

It is important that every sufferer should know what this Nature treatment is, for the numbers of cured cases placed to its credit are enormous. It is now recognised as the one hope of chronic sufferers and those who have so far failed to obtain a cure.

Professor Haynel gives to every reader of John Bull a splendid opportunity of learning more about the wonderful natural home treatment he conducts. He has decided to send to all sufferers a special copy of a most remarkable work, which, while dealing fully with such matters as the cause of asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, chest and lung weakness, gives a full detailed description of the Weidhaas Nature Treatment—a treatment that may be adopted in the sufferer's own home. This book, which is profusely illustrated throughout, gives the actual experience of sufferers and their candid opinion of the treatment.

Copies of this book will be sent free and post paid, and under cover, and it is hoped that sufferers will take full advantage of Professor Haynel's offer.

No person could read this work, which is appropriately entitled "Dum Spiro Spero" (Whilst I breathe I hope), without realising that the hardest winter would have no terror for those who followed the advice given therein.

No reader of John Bull who has experienced the symptoms of chest or lung troubles, or who is suffering now, should fail to write at once to Professor Haynel for a copy of his book. It is a book that means new health and new strength to its possessor. A host of those who have read its pages are to-day enthusiastic in their praise of the advice given.

All applications for copies of "Dum Spiro Spero" must be addressed to the Head Specialist, The Weidhaas Hygienic Institute, 38 H, Burgess Hill, Sussex.—[Advt.]

"X" (Saffron Walden).—We do not recommend you to take up the Library in question. It is run by respectable people, but the conditions are very complicated and their practical working seems to lead to disputes—upon the merits of one or two of which we have been asked to pronounce.

W. W. H. (Wimbledon) writes *re* Esperanto:

I do not know why A. J. H. should wish to throw his cant-o
Against poor, lifeless Volapuk, or living Esperanto.
He has no taste for "hot-house plants"—for such he vaguely names them.
He quite forgets the aim in view—and thereupon disclaims them.
We Esperantists mean to break the walls between the nations
Which "natural plants" have long enough held 'gainst communications.
Still, "hot-house" also stands for "choice"—put that in your portmanteau,
Your feeble hacking, A. J. H., prunes, strengthens Esperanto.

E. C. T.—We have your letter which we find to be incorrect. You say that, being sentenced to 6 months' imprisonment, good conduct gave you a month's remission, and a gratuity of 7s. 2d., which was handed to you on your release. On coming out, you were advised to apply to the St. Giles's Mission, Brook Street, Holborn, who, you were told, would help you to find employment. This you did, but on their finding that you had drawn your gratuity, you were told they could do nothing for you, and this reply was given to you by other societies, all of them telling you that if you wished for their help, you should have stated before your release that you wished your gratuity to be handed to one of them. You think this a strange way of helping a man to go straight. We wrote to Mr. Wheatley, of the St. Giles's Christian Mission, who tells us that he has no recollection of your having called upon him, and that "the fact of a man drawing his gratuity direct from a local prison does not affect the question of his being helped or not." This would only apply to men coming from penal servitude. Before dealing with their cases, Mr. Wheatley requires them to get a letter from the Governor of the Prison (readily granted), bearing out their statements, and which will also inform the Mission whether they had applied to any other society for assistance. Obviously the Mission has to take great care to prevent overlapping and fraud.

We have had a visit from a reader who, being in ill-health, was persuaded to go to the Health Cure Company, Limited, for advice and medicine. This company has its address at 9, Walbrook, E.C., and its medical adviser is described as Jonathan Nicholson, LL.D., M.D., Pa., United States, Doctor of Osteopathy, President International Health League. Mr. Nicholson told our visitor that he was suffering from neurasthenia, and advised him to purchase from the Health Cure Company, Limited, a "magnetic outfit." This he did, paying five guineas for it. The magnetic outfit is a belt which he has worn for the last eighteen months without any apparent result. From time to time he called on Mr. Nicholson, and, ultimately, was referred to Dr. Josiah Oldfield, who has an address at 5, Harley Street, and a sanatorium at Bromley, where open-air treatment is practised. Our visitor went to the sanatorium, and got medicine, paying, all told, some fifteen guineas, but derived no benefit of any kind, and is now under ordinary medical treatment by an English doctor, who describes the Nicholson treatment as humbug. Have any of our readers any knowledge of the Health Cure Company, Limited, and Mr. Jonathan Nicholson, LL.D.?

F. M. H. (Limehouse), "ENQUIRER" (Leagrave), R. S. R. (Leamington Spa), H. P. (Armagh), Miss C. B. (Beckenham), B. G. M. (Erefield), G. H. M. (Whitley Bay), S. C. (Wembley Hill), R. B. (Helensburgh), "SPOOK," L. M. (Wood Green), R. P. (Sheffield), W. M. (Cardiff), J. M. W. (Exeter), E. C. (Croydon), W. B. V. (Walworth), A. S. (Leeds), S. H. (Hammersmith), V. W. (Folkestone), H. A. H. (Holborn Bars), W. S. D. (Luton), "CONSTANT READER" (Folkestone), G. B. R., F. W. C. (Goldhawk Road), A. G. W. (Upper Tulse Hill), H. R. F. M. (Richmond), W. S. (Thornton Heath), A. C. A. (Newferry), A. V. D., "GEOF" (Muswell Hill), J. T. (Sunderland), ERNEST (Lavender Hill), T. W. (Liverpool), MRS. G. H. (Torquay), B. G. (Enfield), E. F. L. (Liscard), "THERSITES" H. B. jun. (Stratford), "CARDWELL," "VERITAS" (Paddington), P. E. F. A. (London, S.E.), G. M. (Chancery Lane), W. R. C. (Oakengates), T. A. (Sunderland), J. S. (Hampstead), T. E. J. (Herton Chapel), H. C. D. (Nottingham), "JACK" (Dundee), W. C. S. (Leeds), "REPROACH" (Broughton Ferry) "DLARBG" (Ipswich), F. T. C., E. R. (Blandford), E. M. (Stechford), R. McC. (Belfast), A. C. D. (Peckham), F. L. G. (Nottingham), D. E. J. (Mountain Ash), T. E. R. T. (Forest Hill), M. W. C. (Oxted), W. G. J. (Ross), A. M. jun. (Ilford), H. B. C. (Withington), "ALLEN" (Highbury), J. T. (Sheffield), G. W. B. (Goole), S. C. (Hull), T. T. W. (Exeter), G. R. S. (Southsea), H. G. (Southampton Buildings), T. E. C. (Penzance), P. E. (Finsbury), H. W. G. (Cardiff), G. W. B. (Grimsby), H. A. (Byfield), J. T. L. (Crouch End), C. E. S. (Wolverhampton), W. R. K. (Wimbledon), J. S. J. (Musselburgh), W. M. (Glasgow), W. G. S. (Stamford Hill), C. G. T. (Tottenham), G. F. (Wavertree), T. C. T. (Hockley), W. C. W. R. (Surbiton), A. F. B. (Wolverhampton), A. B. (Brixton), W. M. (Salford), W. R. (Willesden), "NOSLIEN" (Glasgow), J. S. (Helmet Row), and G. W. (Hammersmith). Are you all one family?

*(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)*


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## RACING NOTES.

By W. Lorrigan.

**A Gift Horse.**

"Hillhead," the Newbury Selling Nursery winner, is a sharp, "clean" little filly, but only cost Mr. Carnarvon £25, and he gave her to Dick Dawson. She was the first of Robert le Diable's stock to win.

**Spreadeut.**

Even at Kempton last Saturday, when the attendance was large, we encountered exactly the same as what happens everywhere continuously—namely, whilst one portion of Tattersall's was simply jammed, so that it was impossible to move, quite three-fourths was practically untenanted. When will everybody—particularly the bookmakers—learn—in their own interests—to spread themselves out more?

**What Detracters of Racing Won't See.**

The good that racing does is almost beyond recounting, although not evident to the public eye. What a Doncaster means, for instance, to the West End generally, and in outlay, in the employment of labour, and the universal distribution of money runs into many a thousand. It is not known, for instance, that the demand for waiters and waitresses is so great that caterers draft whole train-loads from such far-distant centres as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other big towns, invariably employing those upon whom they can rely, in the sense of engaging the staff employed at the race meetings in those districts.

**"Dey's Daily."**

The well-known sportsman, Mr. T. H. Dey, is becoming quite a fluent journalist, his productions during the past few weeks being "Horses and Horse Racing" and "The Master of the Beeches," besides his now famous Little Red Book. Ideas, and the energy to carry them through, always deserve and must always achieve ultimate success.

**The few Antepost Attractions.**

It is unquestionably true that there is very little ante-post betting nowadays, and yet, as an anomaly, the only really popular flat races of the year are those upon which backers are able to wager for some time in advance. In this regard, unquestionably, come the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, over the issue of which in prospect we ponder and talk for weeks previously during the dull winter season. The Derby, again, is an ante-post and popular race, and nothing else practically comes in the same category until we reach the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.

**Prophetic.**

Newmarket's final stages suggest that the unlucky Egret may win the Ditch Mile Nursery to-day (Thursday), and that Whyte-Melville—especially if ridden by a strong horseman—should take Friday's Exning Handicap Lingfield Park, on Saturday, provides the Metropolitan's outing, and here I think that fate will not permit Mr. W. Goodchild to have quite a maiden season, and thus Crusader may win the Pheasant Handicap, if he can overcome Aubergine, who, however, is not very likely to be started for so paltry a stake. In the Nursery, what beats Grey Jersey, who ran well at Newbury, should win. As regards the future,

Precentor

expressly saved for the meeting, must not be missed in next week's Newcastle Autumn Handicap.


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## OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

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To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of August 22nd, 29th, and September 5th:—

W. C. WEBSTER, Avonhurst, Dutton Road, Surbiton. (No. 61006—August 22nd.)

JOHN J. SEED, 82, Alfred Street, North Ormesby, near Middlesbrough. (No. 4936—August 29th.)

ROBERT DAVIS, 102, South Cromwell Road, Queen's Park, Glasgow. (No. 106142—August 29th.)

FRANK. BRADLEY, St. Helens, Spring Road, Kempston, Bedford. (No. 2819—August 29th.)

WM. COOPER, 46, High Street, Old Bedford, Nottingham. (No. 114234—August 29th.)

F. BOND, 61, Priory Road, New Barking, Essex. (No. 12331—September 5th.)

ALBERT NYE, Allendale, 151, Francis Avenue, Southsea. (No. 83230—September 5th.)

W. E. DEAN, 21, F Block, Peabody's Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E. (No. 107677—September 5th.)

RAMSAY J. HUMPHREYS, 16, Lamcote Grove, Nottingham. (No. 120665—September 5th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Sept. 12:—

**822; 8424; 10623; 11572; 12124; 14226; 18117; 19255; 27783; 29005; 30606; 41225; 42758; 43270; 43271; 45653; 46373; 49449; 55595; 56273; 61275; 63012; 64872; 65462; 65868; 67784; 69331; 70154; 71717; 71886; 73636; 80501; 83331; 86290; 93313; 94813; 100466; 105229; 107783; 122277; 122383; 131783; 132239; 132785; 136610; 141163; 143000; 142505; 145492; 145764.**

INITIAL FIGURES SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 21st (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 19th).

# "John Bull's" Great Christmas Box Scheme.

## £5,000 WORTH OF PRESENTS FOR OUR READERS.

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ONE HUNDRED BOXES OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT.
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ONE HUNDRED TURKEYS.
ONE HUNDRED GEESE.
FIFTY BOXES OF CIGARS.
ONE HUNDRED FOUNTAIN PENS.

That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE PRESENTS WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE? It rests entirely with you.

One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned on a similar basis amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

## A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others (to be shortly announced) will apportion the Gifts, and their decision is to be final.

The names of the Committee will be announced next week.

## SPECIAL NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

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